



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



















A

# PHONIC READING BOOK,

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN,

ON A PLAN WHICH LESSENS THE DIFFICULTY AND SAVES MUCH  
TIME IN LEARNING TO READ.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

EXPLANATORY OF THE METHOD, FOR THE USE OF TEACHERS.

By W. L. ROBINSON.

---

SECOND EDITION.

---

MANCHESTER:

JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 & 143, DEANSGATE.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

---

1876.

3987.7.45.





**PHONIC ALPHABETS, READING SHEETS,**

**AND THE**

**PHONIC READING BOOK**

**WILL ALSO BE SUPPLIED TO THE PUBLIC AND TO SCHOOL  
DIRECT FROM THE AUTHOR,**

**WILLIAM L. ROBINSON,**

**WAKEFIELD.**



# ROBINSON'S

## PHONIC LESSONS.

CONSONANTS.			VOWELS.		
p	s	th	i	ai	î
b	c	th	y	ay	ȳ
t	s	l	e	ā-e	ī-e
d	z	r	a	ä	oi
e	sh	w	o	au	oy
k	ch	y	ö	aw	ou
q	ſ	x	oo	â	ow
g	f	x	ü	oa	eu
m	ph	ch	u	ō-e	ew
n	v	g	ē-e	oo	ū-e
ng	h	j	ea	û	







# INDEX.

## PART I.—IN PROSE.

### INTRODUCTION TO TEACHERS.

No.	FABLES.	AGE
1.	The Dog and the Shadow .....	<i>Æsop</i> 1
2.	The Crow and the Pitcher .....	<i>Do.</i> 1
3.	The Bundle of Sticks .....	<i>Do.</i> 2
4.	The Lion and his Three Councillors .....	<i>Do.</i> 2
5.	The Boy and the Filberts .....	<i>Do.</i> 3
6.	The Wind and the Sun .....	<i>Do.</i> 3
7.	The Wolf and the Lamb .....	<i>Do.</i> 4
8.	The Country Maid and her Milk-can .....	<i>Do.</i> 5
9.	The Miller, his Son, and their Ass .....	<i>Do.</i> 5
10.	The Lion and the Gad-fly .....	7
11.	The Wasp and the Bee .....	<i>Dodsley</i> 8
12.	The Artless Young Mouse .....	<i>Aiken</i> 9
13.	The Rain-drop .....	10

### TALES, &c.

14.	Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse .....	12
15.	The Canary Bird .....	<i>Krummacher</i> 15
16.	God Everywhere .....	16
17.	The Buckwheat .....	<i>Anderssen</i> 16
18.	The Coat and Buttons .....	<i>Mrs. Marcet</i> 19
19.	The Lamb .....	<i>Twilight Thoughts</i> 26
20.	The Wooden Spoon .....	<i>Swedish</i> 33
21.	The Bramble's Story .....	<i>Twilight Thoughts</i> 39
22.	The Thistle Seed .....	<i>Ditto</i> 44
23.	The Profitless Guests .....	<i>Grimm</i> 50
24.	The Lapdog's Holiday .....	<i>Twilight Thoughts</i> 52



25.	Sir Gammer Vans .....	<i>Old Irish Story</i>	62
26.	The Old Norse Heroes	} <i>From the Heroes of Asgard</i>	64
27.	Frey and the Light Elves		
28.	Ancient and Roman Britain.....	<i>C. Dickens</i>	73
29.	Harold II. ....	<i>Ditto</i>	78
30.	The Pear Tree.....	<i>Frances S. Hodgson</i>	84

## PART II.—IN VERSE.

31.	The Robin's Petition .....		97
32.	The Blind Boy .....	<i>American</i>	98
33.	My Mother .....		100
34.	Pride and the Poppies .....	<i>Twamley</i>	101
35.	The Use of Flowers .....	<i>Mary Howitt</i>	104
36.	The Spider and the Fly .....	<i>Ditto</i>	105
37.	The Self-willed Pig .....	<i>G. Boase</i>	108
38.	The Battle of Blenheim.....	<i>Southey</i>	110
39.	A Psalm of Life.....	<i>Longfellow</i>	113
40.	Up the Airy Mountain .....	<i>Allingham</i>	114
41.	The Bird .....	<i>Ditto</i>	115
42.	The Brook.....	<i>Tennyson</i>	115
43.	Lucy Gray.....	<i>Wordsworth</i>	116
44.	Fidelity .....	<i>Ditto</i>	118
45.	The Battle of Hohenlinden.....	<i>Campbell</i>	120
46.	The Three Fishers .....	<i>C. Kingsley</i>	122
47.	Trust .....	<i>Gerhardt</i>	123
48.	Ingratitude .....	<i>Shakspeare</i>	123
49.	Mercy.....	<i>Ditto</i>	124
50.	The Gathered Lilies .....	<i>Frances S. Hodgson</i>	124
51.	A Young Girl to her Little Brother .....	<i>Aunt Mary</i>	128
52.	The Squirrel .....	<i>Bernard Barton</i>	129
53.	The Beggar Man .....	<i>Anonymous</i>	129
54.	We are Seven .....	<i>Wordsworth</i>	130



# ROBINSON'S PHONIC METHOD EXPLAINED.

---

## ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS.

---

Methods of Teaching Reading. { THERE are *four* principal methods of teaching to read. FIRST, the *Alphabetic* or old method, in which the child is taught to utter the *names* of the letters in their order, and then to say, if it can, the word they constitute. SECOND, the *Look-and-Say* method, in which the teacher points to and says the word as a *whole*, without either naming the letters or giving their powers, the child repeating it after the teacher, so that by frequent recurrence it becomes imprinted on the memory. THIRD, the various *Phonic* methods, more or less perfect, in which the child has to give the *sounds or powers* of the letters, and not their names, in the order in which they occur, and from these *sounds* to ascertain what the word is. FOURTH, the *Phonetic* method, in principle and manner of teaching similar to the *Phonic*, but in which an enlarged and special alphabet of about thirty-four single letters is used, containing many new ones of an unusual form. Each letter stands for a particular



sound, and that sound is never represented by any other letter ; consequently, the irregularities of our language are avoided, and the power of reading books, *phonetically printed*, is acquired sooner than the reading of *ordinary* printed books by other methods. When the child can read *phonetic* books fluently, he is passed into ordinary books, the increased difficulties of which are soon overcome.

**Comparison of  
Methods.**

{ The first, or the old ALPHABETIC or *name* method, is the worst of the four ; the tiresome and time-wasting process of spelling words aloud rarely gives the child the power of saying them, and he has at last to be told them on the Look-and-Say system. The second, or LOOK-AND-SAY method, though tolerably rapid in its results, is very unphilosophical, as those results are entirely due to the memory alone. It is, however, a useful adjunct to the phonic method in respect to those irregular words in which the names or the powers of the letters are inadequate to enable the child to say them—as *one, two, eight, rough, cough, &c.* The fourth, or PHONETIC method, has never found much favour with the public, and probably never will, owing to its strange-looking alphabet. There remains, then, for us to consider the third, or the various kinds of PHONIC teaching, some of which have received a considerable amount of attention and public favour, and are used in the Normal Training Colleges for elementary teachers.



Good reading can, of course, be taught by any one of these four methods, but they are so manifestly dissimilar in principle and detail that it is impossible to conceive of them as possessing an equal value. The time necessary to acquire good and fluent reading will differ in all of them.

**The  
Phonic Principle.** { The PHONIC methods of teaching to read employ the *powers or sounds* of the letters, instead of their *names*; thus the word THAW, which consists of only *two sounds*, is spelt in the common mode of teaching *tee-aitch-ay-double-you, thaw*, but in the phonic method simply by its two sounds, *th-aw, thaw*. Again, the word SHEEPISH, of only five sounds, is spelt by the common mode of teaching *es-aitch-double-ē-pee-ī-es-aitch, sheepish*, but by the phonic method *sh-ee-pé-ī-sh, sheepish*; the common method being a *circuitous* mental process, and the phonic a *direct* one.

**Defects of  
Phonic Methods.** { In most of the Phonic methods at present in use, no attempt is made to give assistance to the child by means of italic letters and accents; the consequence of which is, that about fifty per cent of the words remain irregular, and not well adapted for phonic teaching, and must be told the child on the Look-and-Say system. For example, to give the *powers* of the letters in such words as *psalm, debt, night, &c.*, does not enable the child to say them any more than



if the names of the letters were given. In fact, such defective phonic methods are scarcely of more value than the Look-and-Say method itself.

**Irregularities of the English Language.** { The English language is very irregular in its orthography, and is ill-adapted in its ordinary state to phonic teaching. The object of the present adaptation of the phonic principle of teaching to read is, to increase the number of words which are regular or suitable for phonic teaching to about 75 per cent, leaving only 25 per cent of irregular words to be dealt with on the Look-and-Say system, instead of 50 per cent, as in the more defective phonic methods.

**Extension of the Phonic Principle.** { This object is effected by means of a better classified Alphabet, containing a large number of digraphs or double letters to indicate simple sounds, as ee, ai, au, oa, oo, sh, th, &c.; by a number of diacritical marks or accents to indicate with certainty the exact sounds of letters, as é, c, in civic, g, ġ, in gorge, s, ş, in seas, th, ð, in thin and then, &c.; and by the use of italics to show silent letters, as *psalm*, *dough*, *debt*, &c. By these means we secure, as far as possible, the exactness of the *phonic* system, while preserving the ordinary orthography, and give the child greater help than is rendered by any other Phonic method. Difficulties are either lessened or altogether removed out of the child's way, and he reads with greater certainty and ease; he is enabled to say



most words *without* the teacher's assistance, and much valuable time is thereby saved.

**Names of the Letters not to be taught.** { The *names* and *order* of the letters, commonly called the A, B, C, should not be taught at all in the Infant School, and may with advantage be deferred until the child, at seven years of age, is removed to the upper school. He does not need them in learning to read, and to trouble him with them at this stage will tend to hinder rather than to help him. Capital letters, for the same reason, need not be taught him in the earlier lessons, as they will be learnt incidentally in the Reading Book, without special teaching.

**Time Saved.** { The Phonic Alphabet, see Frontispiece, has been entirely re-classified, and though, from its greater number of letters, sixty-five, it may require a month longer to learn than to repeat the names of twenty-six letters, yet it saves at least a year in the time requisite for learning to read. A child commencing on this Phonic method at four years of age, will have attained as much proficiency at six, as at seven years of age by the ordinary Alphabetic method.\*

---

\* Two carefully recorded experiments, showing the value of the phonetic and phonic methods for saving time in teaching to read, are worth preserving. The first was that of a man twenty-seven years of age, a prisoner in Wakefield gaol in 1855, whom I taught to read on *Pitman's Phonic System*, the schoolmasters of the establishment having considered it an impossibility to teach him to read on account of the dullness of his intellect. I gave him three lessons a week, of twenty minutes duration each, for thirteen weeks. At the



Moreover the pronunciation, loudness, and distinctness of the reading will be superior. An experience of eighteen years in the Wakefield Lancasterian Infant School, into which this system was introduced in 1858, has also shown that when the children taught phonically are removed to the upper schools, there is a greater aptitude to spell correctly than in those who have been taught alphabetically. The Phonic Reading Book may be commenced at five years of age, and be read through twice or even three times before the children leave the Infant School at seven years of age.

**Defects Removed.** { The Phonic method, combined with a little knowledge of the mechanism of the organs of speech, gives the teacher the power of alleviating or removing many defects, such as stammering, lisping, imperfect trilling

---

end of the tenth week he had read through the Gospel of St. John, in *phonetic type*, and was then transferred to the *ordinary printed Testament*, reading through again the same Gospel in the next three weeks. The schoolmasters then resumed his education, and, some months afterwards, in addition to reading, he had also learned to write well. The second experiment was with *my own Phonic System*, upon a child of two and a half years old, who acquired the phonic alphabet and 300 monosyllables by three years of age; about 1,900 words of one to three syllables in nine months more, when she was put into books for the first time; and at four years of age had read ninety of Æsop's Fables, three chapters of one of the Gospels, and 200 lines of poetry. At four and a half the child could read books and newspapers pretty fluently at sight. This experiment took place many years ago, and no evils whatever have resulted from this precocious teaching. The lessons, indeed, were very short—three a day of five minutes duration each for the first six months, three a day of ten minutes for the next six months, and three a day of fifteen minutes each for the succeeding two years, the average daily instruction being little more than half an hour a day.—W. L. R.



of the r, provincialisms, &c. In cases of cleft roof and other malformation, he will also know what sounds are impossible and must be excused, and what sounds are possible, and therefore expected to be correctly uttered by the child.\*

**Age of  
Children.**

{ Learning to read on the Phonic system is so easy and pleasant, and requires so little mental effort, that

children of three years of age may be taught without the slightest detriment to their physical or mental health. Three-quarters of an hour's daily instruction in reading may be given to children of three years, one hour for four, one hour and a quarter for five, and one hour and a half for children of six or seven years of age, divided, of course, into three or four short lessons—that is, a quarter of an hour a day for each year of age.

**The  
Phonic Alphabet  
and  
Speech Sounds.**

{ We will now proceed to explain the Classified Phonic Alphabet on the Frontispiece. It is divided into two

---

\* In cleft roof the sounds formed in the middle of the palate are usually defective, as l, n, t, d, and also those further back, as k, g (hard), and ng, while the consonants formed in the *fore* part of the mouth, and *all vowels*, ought to be uttered correctly. Stammering is easily cured in young children, but if neglected for years, becomes incurable. A middle-aged man at Thornes, near Wakefield, in order to save his life, had his tongue amputated at the root near the uvula. The operation was successful, and being a very intelligent man, he took great pains in acquiring speaking under the altered conditions. All sounds that were practicable to him, as pé, bé, m, and many vowels, he uttered correctly, and contrived a number of approximate sounds as substitutes for the impossible ones; and, marvellous to relate, he speaks so well that almost anyone can understand him.



great divisions—consonants and vowels; the first three columns to the left hand being *consonant*, and the last three columns to the right hand being *vowel* sounds. The consonants are subdivided into explosive or such as cannot be prolonged; nasal; continuous, or those which can be prolonged; and compound. The vowels are subdivided into short, long, and diphthongs. *Whispered* consonants are in open letters, but in the large alphabets for classes are coloured red; while the *vocal* consonants are black. *Short* vowels are in open letters, and *diphthongs* in shaded letters, but in the large alphabets for classes are both coloured blue; whilst the *long* vowels are black. *Whispered* consonants are formed by forcing breath through small apertures at some parts of the mouth from the uvula to the lips; as s (a hiss). Corresponding *vocal* consonants are formed by *adding* to this whisper, *tone* produced at the glottis by the vocal chords, as z (a buzz). Therefore whispered consonants are perfectly simple, but vocal consonants are in their nature compound. The whispers s, sh, f, and th, become, when tone is added, z, ſ, v, and þ. The *vocal tone* formed at the glottis is *exactly the same for all* consonants, the distinguishing characteristic being the *whisper* formed in the mouth, and not the *tone* formed at the glottis. The same takes place with the vowels and diphthongs, the *vocal tone* being common to and the *same in all*, whilst the difference between them is owing to the varying shape of the oral cavity, lips, and tongue. Most of



the consonants are used in pairs; that is, a whispered and a vocal one, as s, z,—p, b,—f, v;—but some few are used as vocal consonants only, as m, n, ŋg, l, and r, and have no corresponding whisper; whilst one, the aspirate h, is heard as a whisper only, and is never vocal.\*

**How to Sound the Consonants.** { The whispered consonants, p, t, and k should be pronounced like the last syllables of paper, water, maker, when loudly *whispered* but not spoken. The corresponding vocal consonants, b, d, and g, must be pronounced like the last syllables of robber, rudder, beggar, when spoken.† These syllables must be uttered *very short*, and it will be convenient to represent them thus—pé, bé, té, dé, ké, ghé.‡ Also the three other explosive, or non-continuous sounds, w, y, h, as heard in the words, west, yelp, help, may be represented wé, yé, hé. The three nasal continuous consonants follow, and are sounded like the letters m, n, and ŋg in the words maim, nine, and ringing. The s and c (a hiss), and ş and z (a buzz), have the powers of the s and z in size; the sh and

---

\* Much curious and useful information about speech-sounds is to be found in "Robinson's Wakefield Spelling Book," 198 pp.

† In Webster's Dictionary the sound ké is represented at 7,000 words beginning with c, by 420 beginning with k, and by 508 beginning with q. At the end of words this sound is represented nearly equally by c and k but never by q. So that c may be considered the normal letter, k the next in importance, and q as least.

‡ The truer phonic utterance would be b', d', gh'; but in actual teaching it is more convenient to call them be', de', ghe'.



ch have the power of sh in shall, and ſ that of s in meaſure; the f and ph, and v, have the powers heard in fiſe and vivid. The th and þ have the powers heard in thin and þen; and the l is ſounded as in lull, and the r as in rarity. The w, y, and h have been alluded to above. The conſonant half of the alphabet ends with the compound conſonants, x (ks) as in ſix; ȝ (gz) as in exiſt; ch (t sh) as in church; and ċ, j (dſ) as in ginger.

**How to Sound  
the Vowels.**

{ The ſeven *ſhort* vowels are to be uttered very ſhort, as i, y, in the word pity; e in ended; a in anagram; o in concoct; ô in ômit; ôô, ü, in good, püſh; and u in cut. The ſeven correſponding *long* vowels have their powers in the words following:—ee, ea (long i), in meet; ai, ay, ā-e (long e), in mail; ä (long a) in fäther; au, aw, â (long o), in Paul; oa, ô-e (long ô), in note; oo, û (long ôô), in moon; and î (long u) as in birth, fern, burn. The diphthongs or compound vowels are like î (a i) in file; oi, oy (o i), in oil; ou, ow (a ôô), in ſound; and eu, ew, ū-e (i ôô) in few. The hyphen in ē-e, ā-e, ô-e, î-e, ū-e, ſhows the place of the conſonant in words ending in ſilent e.

**Letters Bracketed  
Together.**

{ It will be obſerved that ſome of the conſonants are bracketed together as c, k, g; ſ, ċ; ſ, z; ſh, çh; f, ph; ġ, j; the ſounds of the bracketed letters are *exactly alike*, but the firſt form is the moſt frequent, and the ſecond the leſs uſed form. Thus ſ may be



called the normal letter for the buzz, and not z, because it is used at least twenty times as often; c the normal letter for the sound ké, and not k, and still less q. The bracketed vowel sounds are also exactly alike, the y and w being *ending* letters in a word, and have i or u substituted for them when the vowel occurs either as initial or medial, as silly, sillily; mail, play; autumn, straw; boil, boy; sound, brow; euphony, pew. This rule, however, has many exceptions.\*

#### The Letter R.

{ The letter r has two sounds as in  
the word roar; the first or trilled  
sound is that which must be taught

the child, the explanation of its differences being too difficult for infant schools. The accomplished phonetician, Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, in a letter to the *Daily News*, of December 24th, 1875, says: "This letter (the r) has engaged my attention for more than 30 years, and I am not certain even yet that I have mastered its protean intricacies." The r in such words as farm, burn, fern, is a mark for *lengthening* the preceding vowel; and in such words as soar, bear, care, fire, &c., the r not only modifies the preceding vowel, but instead of being trilled it takes the short vowel sound of u in cut, and *soar*, *care* = sō-ŭ, cā-ŭ, &c. When, however, the succeed-

---

\* When it is necessary to call the attention of the child to any one of the bracketed characters, call it the first, second, or third ké (c, k, q); the first and second s (s, c); the first, second, or third au (au, aw, â), &c.



ing word or syllable begins with a vowel, then this r is trilled, as—the care-of children; the fire-of genius; roar, roaRing; soar, soaRing. In the vocabulary lessons the child must always trill the r, but in reading from books, both pupil and teacher will often practically ignore it.

**Relative Length  
of the Sounds.**

{ The teacher ought to believe in  
 { the truth, and appreciate the beauty  
 { of the Phonic principle—be able to  
 analyse and build up words from their sounds with great readiness—and avoid the error of saying mme', nne', lle', ffe', &c., by giving them a short vowel ending; for the sound ought to cease before the mouth position is altered, and the sound of continuous consonants and of pure vowels should be of the *same quality* throughout their duration. In the gallery lesson, explosive consonants and short vowels should be uttered half a second in duration\*; continuous consonants, long vowels, and diphthongs, should be one second in duration; and in spelling words there ought to be a pause of a quarter of a second between the sounds, so as to prevent them from coalescing together. In the advanced lessons and in spelling from books half this time might do, but the ratio must still be the same; for instance, long sounds half a second, short sounds one quarter of a second, and the pauses one-eighth of a second. The teacher's perception should

---

\* A convenient Pendulum may be formed by a small lead plummet attached to a piece of string or tape  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches long. This beats half seconds, and two vibrations of it are one second.



be so quick as to see at a glance whether a word is unfit by reason of its irregularity for Phonic teaching, and therefore to be told the child at once, and generally, her teaching ought to be characterised by spontaneity.

**Hard Words  
Made Easy.**

This Phonic method, by the assistance it gives to the child, renders words easy which would be impracticable by other methods. For instance, the word *psalm*, whether spelt by the names of the letters or even by their powers could not be said; but by using italics for the silent letters *p* and *l*, and dotting the *ä* for its long sound, it becomes quite easy. Here follows a list of some difficult words which have been said correctly by children in infant schools without assistance from the teacher, and as long vowels generally carry accent or emphasis, the proper syllable will also be accented:—

ITALIAN.	SPANISH.	GERMAN.	FRENCH.
adägiō	cüidädó	Röthschild	apropōs
püntätó	müchächó	schûlden	cōrps
tävóla	paläbras	siēben	depōt
ümänó	soldädos	thûrm	eclät

And in the following English words: *aīse*, *apophthegm*, *dōugh*, *malign*, *harañgue*, *finger*, *singer*, *singe*, *gneiss*, *psälter*, *psycholōgy*, &c.



The teacher can make any book available for Phonic teaching by adding the diacritical marks, and striking through with a pen the silent letters, as in the above examples.

**Not too  
Complex.**

{ This method might have been made more phonically exact, but an increased number of marks would have made it too intricate. The problem was not how to make a *perfect* Phonic system, but one which should be suitable for very young children. An experience of eighteen years has proved that this system is adapted to the capacity of children three or four years of age, and supplies all the help to them that can reasonably be expected.

**Extension of the  
Principle.**

{ It may be convenient to teachers themselves, and for indicating the pronunciation to advanced pupils, to use a few additional marks, such as a double dotted *i* (top and bottom) to indicate the *i* (*ē*) in *chemise*, *unique*, *marine*; a circumflex to indicate *e* (long *ā*) in *fête*, *Nêva*, *Bêethoven*, *sêhr*, &c.; a dash under the consonant letters *ch*, *g*, and *j*, to indicate the German or Spanish gutturals in *ich*, *nacht*, *loch*, *Megico*, *Tejas* (formerly written *Mexico* and *Texas*); a dot over *m* or *n*, to indicate the French nasal vowels in *faim*, *fin*, *sang*, *sens*, *bon-bon*, *brun*; and a circumflex over *g* or *j*, to indicate the common French sound in *rouge*, *juge*, *justice*, *gens*, which is the same as our *ê* in the word *measûre*; also a



small circle under a consonant to show the abstraction of vocal tone, as under the d and b in the following words, which are pronounced t and p, as kissed, attacked; and the German words abend, wind, laub, pronounced abent, vint, laup.

**School Requisites.** { We now come to the practical question how to change an ordinary Infant school, taught on the Alphabetical or other methods, into a Phonic one. Supposing the school be for 150 Infants, there would be required a large painted Phonic alphabet—like the frontispiece— $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep by 4 feet wide, with letters  $2\frac{3}{8}$  inches deep, so as to be distinctly seen from all parts of the gallery. Eight similar smaller alphabets, mounted on millboard, 23 by 17 inches, with letters 8-tenths of an inch deep, for classes. Two sets of Phonic vocabulary lesson sheets, 23 by 17 inches, containing carefully-selected perfectly-regular words of progressive difficulty, of from one to four syllables, and comprised in fifteen sheets the set. A few reading sheets, marked phonically with the pen, to enable children to read in a straight line, to become acquainted with capital letters, and with many of the frequently-recurring irregular words. Lastly, about 50 of the Phonic Reading Books. As the large alphabet, with care, will not require repainting for seven or eight years, the expense, after the first year, will be very trifling—only that of replacing worn-out lessons and books.



Existing alphabets, lesson sheets, and books, should be discarded at once from the school, and nothing used except what has been mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. No combination of other methods with the Phonic is advisable. The *names* of the letters must never be mentioned by teacher, pupil-teachers, or children; in speaking of letters their sounds must be considered as their only names.

Nature of the  
Lessons.

{ The vocabulary sheet lessons are true Phonic words of from one to four syllables, containing no double consonants, no silent letters, and no irregularities. The meaning of them need not be told the child; indeed, their very want of meaning often renders them better exercises for the eye, the ear, and the voice; just as scales, solfeggi, and exercises are the best preparation to make an accomplished singer, though containing little or no melody in themselves. When the children have gone through these lessons by spelling alone, they may be made to go through them all again by trying to say them at once, or by mental spelling.

The Phonic Reading Book is intended to be above rather below the intelligence of a sharp child of four or five years of age. No such trash is inserted as too often disgraces our school lessons; for instance, "Jack has a black dog. Do not tease him, or he may bite you. Tom has got a new pegtop, can he spin it, &c." The *mechanical* difficulties are much the



same throughout the book, but there are pieces in which the *subject* may require the teacher to give explanation of their meaning.

A child sent to school at three may be employed in the lessons on sounds, the vocabulary lessons, and sheet reading lessons until five years of age, when he is put into the Phonic Reading Book, which he ought to read fluently at seven.

**Spelling.**      { What is commonly understood  
by spelling does not appear to be  
necessary until the pupil wishes  
to write down his own thoughts, or to write letters,  
say at about nine or ten years of age ; but as school  
inspectors require a certain knowledge of it at seven  
years of age, it may be as well to state the steps I  
consider most effective for attaining it. Until the  
child is put into books he should never be required  
to spell unphonic words ; the vocabulary lessons only  
must be used for dictation, and also for copying  
from. When he is put into books, then he should  
learn spelling entirely by much copying on a slate  
or on paper from his reading book. Dictation is a  
*test* of spelling, not a good means of teaching it, and  
may be used once a week to show progress. The  
best spellers are produced by much writing from  
books, and this method has also this advantage, that  
the writing is very much improved at the same  
time.



It is sometimes said that phonic teaching to read leads to bad spelling, but this opinion has neither theory nor fact to rest upon. It is caused by a complete ignorance of the phonic and phonetic methods, and by confounding them together as if they were one and the same, whereas they differ widely, the *phonetic* method always showing a *peculiar* system of orthography, whilst the books for *phonic* teaching are in the *ordinary* orthography, and never set before the child any instances of unusual or bad spelling.

Parents would do well in purchasing the "Phonic Reading Book" for their children for *home use*; children would read it with avidity, when prevented by bad weather or other circumstances from playing out of doors, and this incidental practice in reading would lead to great improvement.

Mrs. Harper, the experienced teacher of the Wakefield Lancasterian Infant School, and now about to conduct a Board School in Leeds on the Phonic system, has, at my request, furnished me with her opinion as to the best mode by which an ordinary alphabetic school may be converted into a Phonic one. It is of course, indispensable that the teacher should possess a good practical and theoretical knowledge of Phonic teaching, which, in the case of one who has previously taught only on the alphabetic plan, may need a month's previous preparation to acquire. The time required to change an ordinary



school into a Phonic one may be about six weeks, and it is to this transitional period that Mrs. Harper's remarks mainly apply.

She says, "That after having discarded from the school all lessons and books on the alphabetic system, and the school being provided with a large Phonic alphabet for full gallery practice, smaller similar alphabets for class teaching, Phonic vocabulary sheets, reading sheets, and Phonic reading books, she would first address the assembled children and tell them that by forbidding the reading of books for a few weeks whilst they were learning the sounds of the letters generally, and also those of the digraphs or double letters, and of letters marked with accents, it was not really putting them back, but giving them the means of making quicker progress; and that if they paid attention to her teaching, they would soon become much better readers than under the previous system. Supposing, also, the pupil-teachers and monitors to be entirely ignorant of the Phonic system, she would request them to sit on the gallery with the children, with the two-fold object of learning it themselves and of encouraging the children, by their voices and example, to attend to the teacher, and imitate the sounds uttered by her.

"The teacher should point out that in the first three columns there are *pairs* of sounds in red and black, as p, b, s, z, which are made by the same action of the mouth, the red being whispered sounds,



and the black vocal or louder sounds. That some sounds have different letters to represent them, as ké by c, k, and q, and that when it is necessary to speak of them they must be called the first (c), second (k), or third (q) ké. That some other letters denoted several sounds, which were distinguished by accent marks, as a (man), ā (mane), ä (arm), and â (all). The teacher should frequently call the attention of the children to her mouth, and tell them that if the shape of the mouth is right the sound is almost sure to be right also.

“Sometimes for the sake of variety and of enlivening the children, she may point out the letters indicating some natural sounds, as z, the buzz of a blue-bottle fly; as s, the hiss of serpents, or a mark of disapprobation expressed at a public meeting; as sh, to make less noise; as m, the humming of bees; as wé, wé (w̄), the sharp bark of a dog, &c. Occasionally when the children are pretty well advanced, they will be delighted with a little exercise in *silent spelling*—for instance, the teacher says, ‘Look at my mouth. What is this word?’ and she places her mouth in the positions m o o n, but without making the least sound, when the children will reply ‘moon.’ A list of silent spelling words, such as moon, boon, boom, booming, fife, fine, vivid, mouth, sheath, father, mother, mamä, papä, buy, &c., may be indefinitely extended, provided that the words given are formed of such positions as are



*visible* to the eye, and not of sounds formed in the interior, or back of the mouth.

“In the general gallery lessons, words are treated in *three* different ways. First, by the teacher pointing to the letters on the board, the children uttering them as pointed to, and then saying the word—for example, point to the letters *f a i n t i n g*, the children give the sounds, and conclude by saying ‘fainting.’ This is practice for connecting the form of the letter with its power or sound. Second, dispensing with the alphabet altogether, the teacher gives the *sounds*, and asks the children what the word is, as *f a i n t i n g*, when they reply ‘fainting.’ Third, the teacher gives the *word* ‘fainting,’ and asks the children what sounds are in it, when they almost unanimously, from the gallery, will utter the sounds *f a i n t i n g*. The second and third processes are excellent exercises for training the voice and the ear.

“The whole of the sounds in the Phonic alphabet may be first gone through in each gallery lesson, and then special attention be given to a few only, until a correct knowledge of all of them is acquired. After the gallery lesson, which may be from twenty minutes to half an hour in duration, the children must be drafted into classes, according to the time-table, and have another shorter lesson, some on the Phonic alphabet, others on words of one or two syllables, &c. As soon as the pupil teachers are able to give a



Phonic lesson, the mistress should let them do so, but for a time under her own superintendence.

“When children can do two-syllable words at sight they should be put into the reading sheets for a week or two, and then into the Phonic reading book; but the vocabulary lessons should never be neglected, but be given on alternate days with the reading lessons.

“In conclusion,” Mrs. Harper remarks “that the best results are produced by a large admixture of simultaneous reading. In a class of thirty for a thirty minutes’ lesson, the time would be only one minute each for individual reading; but supposing fifteen minutes were taken for simultaneous teaching and the remaining fifteen for individual teaching, the result would be fifteen-and-a-half minutes for each child instead of one minute only.”

In bringing these introductory remarks to an end, the author feels that he has been unnecessarily diffuse for some teachers, whilst there are others so unacquainted with Phonic methods that to them he may not have been sufficiently explicit. Communications for further information will be gladly received and attended to, by

Their obedient servant,

WM. L. ROBINSON.

*Wakefield, March, 1876.*



# THE PHONIC READING BOOK.







# THE PHONIC READING BOOK.

---

## PART I.—IN PROSE.

---

### 1.—THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A Dog had stōlen a piēce of meat out of a bütcher's shop, and wās crossīng a river on hiş wāy hōme, wħen hē saw hiş ōwn shadōw reflected in the stream belōw. Thinkīng that it wās anōther dog, wīth anōther piēce of meat, hē resōved to māke himself māster of that ālsō; but in snapping at the supposed treasure, hē dropt the bit hē wās carryīng, and sō lost āll.

Grāsp at the shadōw and lose the substance—the common fāte of thōse who hazard a rēal blessing for some vişionary good.

---

### 2.—THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A Crōw, ready to die wīth thīrst, flew wīth joy to a Pitcher wħich hē saw at a distance. But wħen hē cāme up to it, hē found the wāter sō lōw that wīth āll hiş stooping and strainīng hē wās unāble to reach it. Thereupon hē tried to breāk the Pitcher; then

▲



to overturn it; but his strength was not sufficient to do either. At last, seeing some small pebbles at hand, he dropt a great many of them, one by one, into the Pitcher, and so raised the water to the brim, and quenched his thirst.

Skill and patience will succeed where force fails. Necessity is the mother of invention.

---

### 3.—THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A Husbandman who had a quarrelsome family, after having tried in vain to reconcile them by words, thought he might more readily prevail by an example. So he called his sons and bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. Then having tied them into a fagot, he told the lads, one after the other, to take it up and break it. They all tried, but tried in vain. Then untying the fagot, he gave them the sticks to break one by one. This they did with the greatest ease. Then said the father, "Thus you, my sons, as long as you remain united, are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."

Union is strength.

---

### 4.—THE LION AND HIS THREE COUNSELLORS.

The Lion called the Sheep to ask her if his breath smelt. She said, Ay; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the Wolf, and asked him. He said, No; he



tōre him in piēces for a flatterer. At last hē cāld the Fox, and asked him. Trūly hē had got a cōld, and cōuld not smell.

Wiſe men say nothing in dāngerous times.

---

### 5.—THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS.

A certain Boy pūt hiſ hand into a pitcher where greāt plenty of Fiſ and Filberts were depoſited; hē graspt aſ many aſ hiſ fiſt cōuld poſſibly hōld, but when hē endeavoured to pūll it out, the narrowneſſ of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to loſe any of them, but unāble to draw out hiſ hand, hē burſt into tearſ, and bitterly bemoaned hiſ hārd fortune. An *honest fellow* who ſtood bȳ, gāve him thiſ wiſe and reaſonable adviſe: “Grasp ōnly hālf the quantity, mȳ boy, and yōū will eaſily ſucceēd.”

---

### 6.—THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A diſpūte ōnce arōſe between the Wind and the Sun, which waſ the ſtronger of the two, and they agreed to pūt the point upon thiſ iſſue, that whichever ſoonest māde a traveller tāke off hiſ cloak ſhōūld bē accounted the mōre powerfūl. The Wind began, and blew wīth āll hiſ mīght and main a blaſt, cōld and fiērcē aſ a Thrācian ſtorm; but the ſtronger hē blew the clōſer the traveller wrapt hiſ cloak around him, and the tīghter hē graspt it wīth hiſ handſ. Then brōke out the Sun: wīth hiſ welcome beamſ hē diſperſed the vāpor and the cōld. The



traveller felt the gēnial wārmth; and as the Sun shone brighter and brighter, hē sat down, overcome with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground.

Thus the Sun was declared the conqueror; and it has ever been deemed that persuāsion is better than force; and that the sunshine of a kind and gentle manner will sooner lay open a poor man's heart than all the threatenings and force of blustering authority.

## 7.—THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

As a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, hē spied a stray Lamb paddling, at some distance, down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, hē bethought himself how hē might justify his violence. "Villain!" said hē, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?" "Indeed," said the Lamb, humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names." "Oh, Sir!" said the Lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born." "Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper"—and without another word hē fell upon the poor helpless Lamb and tore her to pieces.

A tyrant never wants a plea. And they have little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason.



## 8.—THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILK-CAN.

A Country Maid was walking along with a can of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections. "The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market just at the time when poultry is always dear; so that by the new-year I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but no—I shall refuse every one of them, and with a disdainful toss turn from them." Transported with this idea, she could not forbear acting with her head the thought that thus passed in her mind; when, down came the can of milk! and all her imaginary happiness vanished in a moment.

---

## 9.—THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS.

A Miller and his Son were driving their Ass to a neighbouring fair to sell him. They had not gone



fär wĥen tĥey met wĥtĥ a troop of gĥrls returnĥg from tĥe town, tĥlĥkĥg and laughĥg. "Look tĥere!" cried one of tĥem; "did yōu ever see such fools, to bē trudging along tĥe road on fōt, wĥen tĥey mĥght bē rĥdĥg!" Thē ōld Man, hearĥg tĥis, qūĥtly bade hĥs Son get on tĥē Ass, and wĥlked along merrily bȳ tĥe side of him. Presently tĥey cĥme up to a group of ōld men in earnest debĥte. "There!" said one of tĥem; "it proves wĥat I wĥs a-sayĥg. What respect ĥs shōwn to ōld āge in tĥēse days? Do yōu see tĥat idle yōung rōgue rĥdĥg, wĥile hĥs ōld fĥtĥer ĥs to wĥlk? Get down, yōu scĥpegrāce! and let tĥē ōld man rest hĥs weary limbs." Upon tĥis tĥe Fĥtĥer mĥde hĥs Son dismount, and got up ĥimself. In tĥis manner tĥey ĥad not proceeded fĥr wĥen tĥey met a company of wōmen and children. "Whȳ, yōu lĥzy ōld fellow!" cried several tōngues at once; "ĥow can yōu rĥde upon tĥe beast, wĥile tĥat poor little lad tĥere can ĥĥrdly keep pĥce bȳ tĥe sĥde of yōu." The gōd-nĥtured Miller stōd corrected, and immēdiately tōok up hĥs Son behind ĥim. They ĥad now ālmōst reached tĥe town. "Pray, ĥonest friend," said a townsmān, "ĥs tĥat Ass yōur ōwn?" "Yes," says tĥē ōld Man. "Oh; one wōuld not ĥave thought sō!" said tĥē ōtĥer, "bȳ tĥe wĥy yōu load ĥim. Whȳ, yōu two fellows ĥe better āble to carry tĥe poor beast tĥan ĥē yōu!" "Anytĥĥg to please yōu," said tĥē ōld Man; "wē can but tȳ." Sō, alĥtĥtĥg wĥtĥ hĥs Son, tĥey tied tĥē Ass's legs together, and



bȳ the help of a pōle endeavoured to carry him on their shōulders ōver a bridge that led to the town. Thiſ wāſ sō entertaining a sight that the pēople ran out in crowdſ to laugh at it; till thē Ass, not liking the noiſe nor hiſ ſitūation, kicked aſunder the cordſ that bound him, and, tumbling off the pōle, fell into the river. Upon thiſ thē ōld Man, vexed and aſhāmed, māde the beſt of hiſ wāy hōme again—convinced that bȳ endeavouring to pleaſe everybody hē had pleaſed nōbody, and loſt hiſ Ass into the bārgain.

---

## 10.—THE LION AND THE GAD-FLY.

A Gad-fly one day buzzed about the nōſe of a Līon. “Begone, wretch!” ſaid the Līon; “I wōuld crush yōu in a mōment wēre yōu not unworthy of mȳ nōtice.”

“Do yōu deſpiſe mē?” ſaid the Gad-fly. “Then I will māke wār againſt yōu.” The Līon lay down at the mouth of hiſ den, too proud to nōtice whāt thē insect ſaid. Very ſoon the Fly began to hum, then tākīng a cīrcuit in thē air dārted into the noſtril of the Līon, and bit and ſtunġ him till hē wāſ ālmōſt mad. Hē lashed hiſ ſideſ wīth hiſ tail, hē gnashed hiſ teeth, and tossed the foam from hiſ lips. At laſt hē fell on the ground, and bit the duſt wīth agōny. “There,” ſaid the Fly; “learn the folly of deſpiſing any thing.”

The Fly wāſ greatly puffed up wīth hiſ victōry



over the Lion. "See with what ease," said hē, "I have beat the king of beasts ! I challenge the *whōle* world to contend with mē."

A Spider from her hōle heard the vain boast of the Fly, and smiled at his folly. There is none sō great, but there is a greater.

The Fly, having sung his song of victory, was flying off, when hē struck upon the Spider's web, and was caught in the mōst tender and flimsy net in the world. The Spider leapt from her hōle, seized the conqueror of the king of beasts, and put him to death in a mōment.

There is nō creature sō smāll as to bē sāfely despised, nor too great to bē conquered.

## 11.—THE WASP AND THE BEE

A Wasp met a Bee, and said to him, "Pray, can you tell mē what is the reason that men are sō ill-nātured to mē, while they are sō fond of you ? Wē are bōth very much alike, but that the broad golden rings about my body mākē mē much handsomer than you are ; wē are bōth winged insects, wē bōth love honey, and wē bōth sting pēople when wē are angry ; yet men ālways hāte mē, and try to kill mē, though I am much mōre familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea-tāble, and at their meals ; while you are very shy, and hārdly ever come near them ; yet they build you cūrious houses, thatched with straw, and



take cāre of and feed yōu in the winter very often. I wonder what's the reason."

The Bee said, "Because yōu never do them any good; but, on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous; therefore they do not like to see yōu. But they know that I am busy all day long in making them honey. Yōu had better pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful."

Uses are the great test of value.

---

## 12.—THE ARTLESS YOUNG MOUSE.

A young mouse lived in a cupboard where sweet-meats were kept; shē dined every day upon biscuit, marmalade, or fine sugar. Never had any little mouse lived so well. Shē had often ventured to peep at the family while they sat at supper; nay, shē had sometimes stolen down on the carpet, and picked up the crumbs, and nobody had ever heard her. Shē would have been quite happy, but that shē was sometimes frightened by the cat, and then shē ran trembling to the hole behind the wainscot. One day shē came running to her mother in great joy. "Mother!" said shē, "the good people of this family have built me a house to live in; it is in the cupboard. I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough; the bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with wires; and I daresay they have made it on purpose to screen me from that terrible cat, which ran after me so often. There is an entrance just big



enough for mē, but püss cān't follōw; and they have been sō goōd as to püt in some toasted cheese, which smells sō deliciously, that I shoüld have run in directly, and tākēn possession of mȳ new house, but I thought I wōüld tell yōu fīrst, that wē might gō in together, and bōth lodge there to-nīght, for it will hōld us bōth."

"Mȳ dear child," said thē ōld mouse, "it is mōst happy that yōu did not gō in; for this house is cāllēd a trap, and yōu wōüld never have come out again, exēpt to have been devoured, or püt to death in some wāy or other. Thōugh man has not sō fiērcē a loōk as a cat, hē is as much our enemy, and has still mōre cunningg."

Yōung persons shoüld bewāre of the temptīng allūrements which the wōrld spreads out for their pleasūre.

---

### 13.—THE RAIN-DROP.

There wās ōnce a fārmer who had a lārge fiēld of corn. Hē ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrōwed it and weeded it with grēat cāre; and on this fiēld hē depended for the support of his family. But after hē had wōrked sō hārd, hē saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and hē thought hē shoüld lose his crop. Hē felt very sad, and went out every day to loōk at his corn, and see if there wās any hōpe of rain.

One day, as hē stoōd there loōking at the skȳ, and



âlmōst in despair, two little raindrops up in the clouds ōver his head saw him, and one said to thē other, "Look at that poor fārmer; I feel sorry for him; hē has tāken such pains wīth his fiēld of corn, and now it is âll dryīng up; I wish I cōuld do him some good."

"Yes," said thē other, "but yōu are ōnly a little rain-drop; what can yōu do? Yōu cān't wet ēven one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to bē sūre I cān't do much; but I can cheer the fārmer a little, at any rāte, and I am resōlved to do mȳ best. I'll try; I'll gō to the fiēld to shōw mȳ good will, if I can do nō mōre." And down wēnt the rain-drop, and cāme pat on the fārmer's nōse, and then fell on one stāl̄k of corn. "Dear mē," said the fārmer, pūtting his finger to his nōse, "what's that? A rain-drop! Where did that drop come from? I do beliēve wē shall have a shower."

The first rain-drop had nō sooner stārted for the fiēld, than the second one said, "Well, if yōu gō, I beliēve I will gō too;" and down dropped the rain-drop on another stāl̄k.

Bȳ this tīme a grēat many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions wēre tālking about, and when they heard them, and saw them gōing to cheer the fārmer and wāter the corn, one of them said, "If yōu're gōing on such a good errand, I'll gō too;" and down hē cāme. "And I," said another; "and I—and I—and I;" and sō on, till a



whole shower of them came; and the corn was all watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain-drop determined to do what it could.

Never be discouraged because you cannot do *much*. Do what you can. Angels can do no more.

#### 14.—TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse lived in a little house.

They both went a gleanin'; Titty gleaned an ear of corn, and Tatty gleaned an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a pudding.

Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the pot to boil; but when Titty Mouse put her's in, the pot fell over and she was scalded to death!

Then Tatty Mouse sat down and wept; and the three-legged Stool said, "Tatty, why do you weep?" and Tatty answered, "Oh! Titty's dead, and so I weep!" Then said the Stool, "I'll hop;" and so the Stool hopped.

Then the Bēsom in the corner said, "Stool, why do you hop?" "Oh!" said the Stool, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, and so I hop." "Well," said the Bēsom, "then I'll sweep;" and the Bēsom swept.

And when the Dōor saw, it said, "Bēsom, why do you sweep?" "Oh!" said the Bēsom, "Titty's dead, Tatty weeps, the Stool hops, and I sweep."



"Then," said the Dōor, "I'll jār;" and the Dōor jārred.

Then said the Windōw, "Dōor, w̄h̄y do yōû jār?"

"W̄h̄y," said the Dōor, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the Stool hops and the Bēsom s̄weeps, and sō I jār." "Then," said the Windōw, "I'll creak;" and the Windōw creaked.

Now there wās an ōld Form outside, and it asked, "Windōw, w̄h̄y do yōû creak?" and the Windōw answer'd, "Oh! Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the Stool hops and the Bēsom s̄weeps, the Dōor jār and the Windōw creaks." "Then," said thē ōld Form, "I'll run round the house;" and sō it did.

And w̄hen the lārge Wālnut-tree, that grew in the gārden, saw the Form running round, it said, "Old Form w̄h̄y do yōû run round the house?" "Oh," said the Form, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the Stool hops and the Bēsom s̄weeps, the Dōor jār and the Windōw creaks, and sō I run round the house." "Well then," said the Wālnut-tree, "I'll shed m̄y leaves;" and it shed āll its beaūtiful leaves.

And w̄hen the little Bîrd, perched on one of the boughs, saw āll the leaves fāll, it said, "Wālnut-tree, w̄h̄y do yōû shed yōûr leaves?" "Oh," said the tree, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the Stool hops and the Bēsom s̄weeps, the Dōor jār and the Windōw creaks, the ōld Form runs about the house, and sō I shed m̄y leaves." "Then," said the little Bîrd, "I'll mōult āll m̄y feathers;" and hē mōulted, āll his pretty feathers.

And just then a little Gîrl wās wālkîng belōw.



carrying milk for her brothers' and sisters' suppers; and when shē saw the little Bîrd mōult âll its feathers, shē said, "Little Bîrd, why do yōu mōult yōur feathers?" "Oh!" sang the little Bîrd, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the Stool hops and the Bēsom sweeps, the Door jäs and the Windōw creaks, the old Form runs round the house, the Wâlnut-tree sheds its leaves, and sō I mōult mȳ feathers." "Well, then," said the little Gîrl, "I'll spill the milk;" and shē let fâll the pitcher and spilt the milk.

Now clōse bȳ wās an ôld Man on the top of a ladder, thatching a stack of corn; and when hē saw the little Gîrl spill her milk, hē cäll'd out, "Little Gîrl why have yōu spilt the milk that wās for yōur brothers and sisters' supper?" "Oh!" said the little Gîrl, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the Stool hops and the Bēsom sweeps, the Dōor jäs and the Windōw creaks, the old Form runs round the House, the Wâlnut-tree sheds its leaves, the little Bîrd mōults âll its feathers, and sō I spilled the milk." "Oh!" said the ôld Man, "then I'll fâll and brēak mȳ neck;" and sō he tumbled down from the ladder and brōke his neck.

And when the ôld Man fell, the great Wâlnut-tree fell down with a crash, and upset the ôld Form, and knocked down the House, and the House falling thrust the Windōw out, and the Windōw knocked down the Dōor, the Dōor threw down the Bēsom, the Bēsom turned the Stool over, and poor little Tatty Mouse wās buried beneath the ruins!



## 15.—THE CANARY-BIRD.

Dūtiṣ unfulfilled are fertile sōurcēs of regret and angüish.

A little gîrl had once ā beaūtîful canāry-bîrd. It saṅg from mornîṅ to nîght and wās the delight of the whōle house. But āll at once the bîrd began to loōk dull and heavy, and one mornîṅ, when the little gîrl cāme to feed him, the poor bîrd lay dead at the bottom of the cāge. The chîld mōurned griēvously for the loss of her little fāvorite; but her mother brought her another bîrd, which saṅg as delightfully as the fîrst, and ēven surpassed it in beaūty of color, and pūt it into the cāge. The gîrl, however, wēpt still mōre bitterly when shē saw the new bîrd. Her mother wās surprîsed at this, and asked her whȳ shē griēved and wēpt thus. “Yoür tears,” said shē, “cannot recāll the dead bîrd to life, and hēre I have brought yōu another, in every respect as good as that which wās lost.” “Ah! mȳ dear mother,” replied the gîrl, “I wās not sō kînd to the poor bîrd as I ought to have been!” “Mȳ dear chîld,” answered her mother, “have yōu not ālways attended him cārefully?” “Alas, nō!” said the chîld. “Just befōre hē died, yōu gāve mē a lump of sūgar for him, but I eat it mȳself.” Thus spāke the gîrl, and again shē wēpt. But the mother did not smîle at the griēf of her daughter, for shē recognîsed and reverenced the hōly voîce of Nātūre in the heārt of the chîld. “What,” thought shē, “must bē the feelîngs of an ungrātefūl chîld at the grāve of its pārents!”



## 16.—GOD EVERYWHERE.

A certain Dervise once met on the borders of a desert, a young man who was running along in great haste. "Where goëst thou, my son?" said the Dervise. "I am flying from God," replied the young man, "for I have offended him." Alas!" said the Dervise, "and whither wilt thou fly?" "I will fly to the woods, or the caverns, or the great desert," was the reply. "Son! said the Dervise, "how knowest thou, when thou seëst not thy fellow-men, that thou art surrounded by them?" "I know it by the habitations they have builded, and by the works of their hands." "And how knowest thou," continued the Dervise, "that the wild beasts are about thee when thine eye discerneth them not?" "I know it by the noise of their roaring, and by the print of their footsteps on the sand. "Fly where thou wilt," said the Dervise, "the same marks of the Hôly One will surround thee." The young man retraced his steps, and, convinced that God was everywhere, sought His forgiveness, whose justice he could not avoid.

## 17.—THE BUCKWHEAT.

If, after a tempest, you chance to walk through a field where Buckwheat is growing, you may observe that it is burnt as black as though a flame of fire had passed over it; and should you ask the reason, the peasant will tell you, "That the lightning has done it."



But how is it that the lightning has done it? I will tell you what the Sparrow told me; and the Sparrow heard the story from an old Willow-tree, which grew, and still grows, close to a field of Buckwheat.

This Willow-tree is tall and highly respectable, but, at the same time, old and wrinkled; its trunk has been riven asunder from top to bottom; grass and brambles grow out of the gap; the tree bends forward, and the branches hang down almost to the ground, looking like long green hair.

There were different kinds of corn growing in the fields around the Willow; rye, wheat, and oats—the beautiful oats, whose ears, when they are ripe, look like a number of little yellow canary-birds sitting upon one branch. The corn ears were richly blest; and the fuller they were, the lower they bowed their heads in pious humility.

But there was also a field of Buckwheat, lying just in front of the old Willow-tree; the Buckwheat bowed not like the rest of the corn; he stood stiff and proud.

“I am quite as rich as the Wheat,” said he; “and, besides, I am so much more handsome; my flowers are as beautiful as the blossoms of the Apple-tree; it is delightful to look at me and my companions. Do you know anything more beautiful than we are, you old Willow-tree?”

And the Willow-tree bent his head, as much as to say, “Yes, indeed, I do!” But the Buckwheat was



puffed up with pride, and said, "The stupid tree! He is so old that grass is growing out of his body."

Now came on a dreadful storm; all the flowers of the field folded their leaves, or bent their heads, as it passed over them. The Buckwheat, however, in his pride, still stood erect.

"Bow thy head as we do!" said the Flowers.

"I have no need," said the Buckwheat.

"Bow thy head, as we do!" said the Corn. "The angel of storms comes flying hitherward; he has wings which reach from the clouds to the earth; he will strike thee down before thou hast time to entreat for mercy."

"No, I will not bow!" said the Buckwheat.

"Close thy flowers, and fold thy leaves," said the old Willow-tree; "look not into the flash, when the cloud breaks. Men even dare not do that; for the flash reveals to us God's heaven, and that sight must dazzle even human eyes. What, then, would it prove to mere vegetables like us, if we should dare to look into it—we, who are so inferior to men?"

"So inferior, indeed!" said the Buckwheat. "Now, then, I will look right into God's heaven." And in his pride and haughtiness he did gaze upon the lightning without shrinking. Such was the flash, that it seemed as if the whole world was in flames.

When the tempest was over, Flowers and Corn, greatly refreshed by the rain, once more breathed pure air; but the Buckwheat had been burnt as



black as a coal by the lightning: it stood on the field a dead useless plant.

And the old Willow-tree waved its branches to and fro in the wind, and large drops of water fell from the green leaves, as though the tree wept. And the Sparrows asked, "Why weepest thou? It is so beautiful here! See how the sun shines; how the clouds pass over the clear sky; how sweet is the fragrance of the flowers! Why, then, weepest thou, old Willow-tree?"

And the Willow-tree told of the Buckwheat's pride and haughtiness; and of the punishment which followed. I, who relate this story, heard it from the Sparrows—they told it to me one evening when I asked them for a tale.

## 18.—THE COAT AND BUTTONS.

Edward had one day been reading a fairy tale, in which not only beasts and birds, but inanimate things, flowers in the garden, and teacups on the table, were made to speak and give an account of themselves. "I think it would be very funny to hear my coat speak," said Edward; and a few moments afterwards a soft voice issued from the bosom of his coat, and spoke as follows:—

"I recollect once growing on the back of a sheep." Edward could not help starting back with surprise; however, he interrupted him, saying, "I am afraid,



Mr. Coat, yōu do not *knōw* w̄hat yōu are t̄alking about, for coats do not gr̄ow, nor do sheep w̄ear coats." "I w̄as ōnly w̄ool w̄hen I grew on t̄he sheep," replied t̄he voice; "and a very pleas̄ant life w̄ē led toget̄her, spendiṅg āll t̄he day in t̄he green fiēlds, and restiṅg at nīght on t̄he grass. Sometimes, indeed, t̄he sheep rubbed himself sō roughl̄y against t̄he trees and shrubs, t̄hat I w̄as afraid of bēiṅg tōrn off; and sometimes t̄he bīrds cāme and pecked off a few flākes of t̄he w̄ool to line t̄heir nests, and māk̄e them soft and w̄arm for t̄heir yōung; but t̄hey tōok sō little t̄hat I coūld easil̄y sp̄are it. W̄ē had lonḡ led t̄his q̄uiēt life, w̄hen one day t̄here w̄as a gr̄eat alārm. T̄he shep-herd and his dog dr̄ove āll t̄he sheep into a fōld, and t̄hen tōok them out one b̄y one, and w̄ashed them in a stream of w̄āter t̄hat ran clōse b̄y. T̄he sheep on w̄hich I grew w̄as sadl̄y frīghtened w̄hen his turn cāme; and, for m̄y p̄art, I coūld not imagine w̄hat t̄hey w̄ere gōiṅg to do w̄ith mē, t̄hey rubbed and scrubbed mē sō much; but w̄hen it w̄as ōver, I lōoked sō delicatel̄y w̄hite, t̄hat I w̄as q̄uite vain of m̄y beaūty, and I thought w̄ē w̄ere now to return and frisk and gambol in t̄he meadōw as w̄ē had done bef̄ore. But, alas! t̄he sheep and I w̄ere gōiṅg to bē p̄arted for ever. Instead of settiṅg t̄he sheep at liberty, t̄he shep-herd tōok out a lārḡe pair of shears. Only imagine our terror! T̄he poor sheep, I beliēve, thought his head w̄as gōiṅg to bē cut off, and began to bleat mōst pitēously; but t̄he shep-



herd, without attending to his cries, held him down, and began cutting me off close to his skin. When the sheep found that the shears did not hurt him, he remained quiet. It was then my turn to be frightened. It is true that the shears did not hurt me either, because I could not feel; but then I could not bear the thoughts of being parted from my dear friend, the sheep; for we had grown up together ever since he had been a little lamb. As soon as the sheep was released, he went about shivering with cold, bleating and moaning for the loss of his beloved fleece. As for me, I was packed in a bag with a great many other fleeces, and sent to some mills, where there were a great number of strange little things that were for ever twisting and turning round. They seized hold of us, and pulled us, and twisted us about in such a wonderful manner, that at last we were all drawn out into worsted threads, so unlike wool, that I hardly knew myself again. But it was still worse when, sometime afterwards, they plunged me into a large copper of dark, dirty-looking water, and when I was taken out, instead of being white, I was of a bright blue color, and looked very beautiful. Well, some time after this, I was sent to the cloth mills, and my threads were stretched in a machine called a loom, and there I was woven into a piece of cloth. I was then folded up, and lay quiet for some time."

"Indeed," said Edward, "I think you wanted a little rest, after going through so many changes."



"Soon after," resumed the voice, "I wās bought bȳ a tailor, and lay on the shelf of hiȝ shop, when one day ȳoû and ȳoûr papā cāme in, and asked to see some cloth to māke ȳoû a coat. I wās tākēn down and unfōlded on the counter wīth several othēr piēces, and, if ȳoû remember, ȳoû chōse mē on account of mȳ beautiful color."

"Sō I did," said Edwārd; "but ȳoû are not sō brīght a blue now aȝ ȳoû wēre then."

"Something the wōrse for wēār," replied the Coat. "If ȳoû stain mē, and cover mē wīth dust, that is ȳoûr fault, not mīne. But to conclūde mȳ stōry: the tailor toȝk out hiȝ enormous scīssors, wīch reminded mē of the shears that had separated mē from the sheep, and cut mē into the shāpe of a coat. I wās then sewed up bȳ some journeymen, who sat cross-legged on a tāble; and when I wās finished I wās sent to ȳoû; and, ever sīnce, I have covered the back of a hūman bēīng instead of that of a sheep."

Edwārd wās much entertained wīth the stōry of the Coat: "But thēse brīght buttons," said hē, "are not mādē of wōol; have ȳoû nothing to say about them?"

"They wēre perfect strāngers to mē, till they wēre sewed on," said the Coat, "I knōw nothing about them,—they must speak for thēmselves."



## THE HISTORY OF THE BUTTONS.

Upon this, the *whōle rōw* of buttons raised their *shārp voices* at once, which sounded like the *gingling* of *sō many* little bells. This *māde* such a *confused* noise, that *Edwārd* could not *distinguish* a word they said. Hē, therefore, in a *stern tōne* commanded *silence*; and, laying *hōld* of one of them with his finger and thumb, hē said, "Come, Mr. Button, let mē hear the *stōry* from *yōū*, while *āll* the rest remain *qūiēt*." Pleased by this preference, the *fāce* of the Button shone *brīghter* than *ūsūal*, and in a *smāll*, shrill, but distinct voice, hē began thus:—

"Wē lay for a *lōng tīme* underground, not *brīght* and *shīning* as *yōū* now see us, but mixed up with *dīrt* and *rubbish*. How *lōng* wē remained there it is impossible for mē to say; for, as it was *ālwāys* *dārk*, there was *nō* telling day from *nīght*, nor any means of counting *wēeks* and *yēars*."

"But could *yōū* not hear the church clock strike?" said *Edwārd*. "That would have *tōld* *yōū* how *tīme* passed."

"O *nō*," replied the Button, "if wē had had ears wē could not have heard, *sō* deep wēre wē buried in the *bow-els* of *thē* earth."

"O dear! how *dīsmal* that must have been!" exclaimed *Edwārd*.

"Not for us *who* *nēither* *thought* nor *felt*," replied the Button. "Well, after *havin*g lain there for *āges*, perhaps, *āll* at once there was an *ōpening* *māde* in



the ground, and men came down where we lay, and dug us up. They talked about a fine vein of copper. 'I am glad we have reached it at last,' said they; 'it will repay us all our labor!' They then put us into a basket, and we were taken up above ground, and into day-light. The glare of light was so strong to us, who had been so long in utter darkness, that, if we had had eyes, it would almost have blinded us. Well, after that, we were put into a fiery furnace.

"I am sure you must have been glad then that you could not feel," said Edward; "and were you burnt to ashes?"

"O no!" replied the Button; "copper is a metal, and metals will not burn; but we were melted; and, as the earth and rubbish which were mixed with us do not melt, we ran out through some holes that were made on purpose for us to escape from our dirty companions, who were not fit society for us. We were then imprisoned in moulds, where we were left to cool and become solid again. Men then came with hammers, and beat us till we became quite flat. Every time they struck us, we hallooed out as loud as we could, and our cries resounded to a great distance; but they went on all the same."

"What!" exclaimed Edward; "had you voices to cry out?"

"No," replied the Button; "but do you not know that if you strike against metal it rings or resounds?"



The sound of a bell is nothing but the metal tongue striking against the inside of the bell; and you know what a noise it makes."

"Well," continued the Button, "after we had been beaten into flat sheets, we were sent to the turner's, who cut us into little bits, and then placed us, one after another, into a strange kind of machine, called a lathe: he held us there while he turned a wheel with his foot so fast that it would have made one giddy."

"That is, if you had had a head to be giddy," said Edward, laughing.

"When I was taken out of the lathe, I was quite surprised to see what a pretty round shape I had; I wondered what was to be done to me next; for as there was nothing by which I could be sewed on to a coat, I did not think that I was to be made into a button, but supposed I was intended for a piece of money."

"Yes, a round flat button is something like a sixpence," said Edward; "but then you were not made of silver."

"True; and I soon found that I was to be a button, for they fastened a tail to me, and rubbed me for a great length of time, till I became very bright. I was then stuck with the rest of us on a sheet of thick white paper."

"Oh, I remember!" cried Edward; "you were all stuck on the paper when the tailor showed you to



papā and mē, and yōu looked quīte beaūtifūl.” Edward then listened in expectatōn of the Button continūing his stōry, but it wās ended, and his voice wās gone.

## 19.—THE LAMB.

There wās once a little Lamb, wīth curly wōol as wīte as snōw, and a little black rīng round its neck. Yōu cān’t think how pretty it wās! This little Lamb wās in the fiēld wīth its mōther and a grēat many other sheep and lambs.

The sun wās shīnīng brīghtly, and the skȳ wās very blue; the bīrds wēre sīngīng in the trees, and the flowers wēre out in the fiēlds and hedges, for it wās a beaūtifūl mōrning in May.

The little Lamb felt sō happy. It frisked and leaped about, and shōok its pretty wīte ears and its lōng wīte tail; it chāsēd thē other lambs round the wōod, that lōokēd sō blue wīth thē hȳacīnths, and ōver the brook, wēre the cowslips nodded their yellōw heads to the tīny flowers that peeped up at them out of the grass.

The Lamb thought it never cōuld bē tīred of play; but wēn the sun wās hīgh and it grew very hot, because the Breeze wās wēary of blōwīng, and had gone to sleep behind the hill, the little Lamb’s mōther cāllēd it, and bade it lie down in the grass and rest awhīle. Now, thōugh the Lamb loved dearly to lie at its mōther’s sīde, and rest against



her woolly coat, it felt sadly vexed to leave its play just then, and very, very slowly it came at the mother's call, and then stood still a little way off.

The mother could see that it was in a bad temper, so she did not speak to it again.

The little Lamb had run about until it was quite hungry, but instead of going to its mother to be fed, it pretended to eat grass like an old sheep, and went on nibbling away and kneeling down to reach it better, though, really, it could not eat a bit.

Presently the pouting little Lamb was going to nip off a little green button among the grass, when a voice cried softly,—“Take care! take care! don't bite off my buds!”

The Lamb stopped to see what it could be, and found it was a Daisy with four little green buds.

“Pray don't bite off my buds just because you are vexed,” said the old Daisy again; “they will soon blow into pretty white flowers in the warm sunshine. Pray don't, little Lamb!”

“Very well, I won't,” said the Lamb. “I don't want to hurt you. But what is the use when the buds do come out? They can't run about and be merry. They will always have to stay just where they are in the field.”

“Oh, yes,” said the Daisy; “I know that, of course; but they will be as contented and happy as their sisters were last year. They could have told you some pleasant stories about the sunrise, when the dew-drops look so bright and clear; and about the



beaūtiful rainbōw that ōnly comes out in the showers. They were very happy, I can tell yōu."

"But cōuld they tell any stōries about the nīght?" said the Lamb. "I like to hear about the nīght."

"Nō, nō," said thē ōld Daisy; "their stōries are not about the nīght. They shut their ēyes and gō to sleep when the sun sets, like goōd, ōbēdient children; there is not one that wōuld peep out after that."

The Lamb began to wonder if the Daisy had seen how naughty it was when its mother called it from play, but it ōnly said, "I wonder wh̄y one must ālwāys bē ōbēdient! I wonder if *some* things mayn't do just as they like!"

"Nō, indeed!" said the Daisy, and shē loōked very grāve; "it wōuld not bē sāfe for them at āll. But yōu can gō and see for yōūrself."

"Goōd b̄ye," said the Lamb.

"Goōd b̄ye," said the Daisy, and watched qūietly b̄y her little buds; the white petals with rōsy tips were just peeping out of the tīght green cap. Think how pretty they wōuld bē when they were fully blōwn!

The Lamb went on until it cāme to a pond in a corner of the fiēld, and there it saw a broōd of Duck-līngs swīmmīng about merrily; they were covered with soft, yellōw down—for their feathers were not grōwn yet—and their black ēyes sparkled like beads. Every now and then they popped down their heads in the wāter to tāke a drink, and sometimes they



caught flies on the plants that floated in the pond. A Hen was basking in the sun, and dusting herself on the bank close by.

"Oh, I dare say the Ducklings may do as they like," said the Lamb; "I dare say they go where they please, quite to the other side of the pond. They don't look as if they would mind the old Hen a bit."

Just at that very moment the Hen gave a loud cry to call the Ducklings out of the water. Oh, how they scrambled up the bank, and spread their odd little short wings, that they might run to her the faster! and how they pressed about her to hide under her strong wings! And well it was for the ducklings that they were so obedient, for there was a hawk high in the air above them, and if one had stayed behind he would most surely have pounced down and have carried it off in his sharp claws to his nest among the rocks, and there the young hawks would have torn it in pieces and eaten it.

The Lamb couldn't help seeing that it was a good thing to be obedient, and while it stood thinking about it, it heard a noise of galloping and neighing, and snorting in the next field, that it was half frightened; but it soon peeped through a hole in the hedge, and then it saw a young Colt prancing about in great delight. There was nothing else in the field, and the Colt might scamper about till night, if he pleased—so the little Lamb thought.

When the Colt caught sight of something white



through the gap in the hedge, hē cāme running up to see if it wās anything alive, or ōnly a grēat bunch of hawthorn blossoms.

“What do yōū wānt, little Lamb?” said the Cōlt; and hē pūt his head ōver the hedge.

“Oh,” said the Lamb, “I’m ōnly looking at yōū, and wondering if yōū are allowed to gallop about āll day long, ēven when it’s hot. Where is yōūr mother?”

“Mȳ mother!” said the Cōlt, “I ūsed to bē wīth her when I wās a little foal, but now I am ōld and strong I stay in the fiēld bȳ mȳself, and do aš I like.”

And the Cōlt pūt his head down to the ground, and kicked up his heels in thē air and frolicked about.

The Lamb began to think the Daisy ōnly knew about very yōung things, and thought it wōuld gō and tell her about the Cōlt; but just then a man cāme into the fiēld wīth a grēat whip in his hand. When hē cracked the whip the little Lamb quīte trembled, it sounded sō dreadful.

The man wēnt up to the Cōlt and caught him, and pūt a brīdle on him and a bit into his mouth (the Lamb did not like to see thē iron bit pūt into his mouth at āll), and then hē mādē him gallop round and round in a wīde cīrcle, and hē taught him to canter and to trot, to stop and gō on when hē wās tōld, and sometimes hē struck him wīth the whip; and at last, when thē exercīse wās finished, the man patted his neck, and said, “Yōū will soon bē a ūseful, ōbēdient horse, I see,” and then hē wēnt āway.



When the man wās gone the Lamb pushed its head quite through the hedge, and the Cōlt came up very slowly, and said, "I'm sō tired and hot! M̄y mother often tōld mē how it wōuld bē when I left her; but I did not mīnd her then. Shē said I must bē obēdient and tr̄y to please m̄y master, and then I shoūld bē very happy after āll."

"Well, and do yōu mean to tr̄y?" said the little Lamb.

"Yes, of cōurse I do," said the Cōlt. "Didn't yōu see how nīcely I trotted to-day?"

Now the Lamb thought it wās nō ūse gōing to the Daisy. The Cōlt went away, and the Lamb drew back its head through the gap.

All this time it had never been to its mother, and now it wās ashāmed to gō; and while it stood hesitāting a lārgē dog came bārking into the fiēld: this frīghtened the poor Lamb terribly, and it ran as fast as it cōuld to the corner where its mother lay in the shāde. The good mother started up to her Lamb's sīde, and facing the dog, shē stamped her foot sō fiērcely on the ground that hē soon went off without hurting the trembling Lamb at āll.

"Well, sō yōu came back to mē when yōu saw the dog?" said thē ōld Sheep.

"Yes," said the Lamb, and hung down its head. It began to feel very sorry that it had been sō cross and naughty, when it saw how kind and brāve its mother wās in sāvīng it from the dog.

"The sun is gone down," said thē ōld Sheep.



"Would you like to go and run round the wood again?"

"Nō, thank you," said the Lamb; "I would rather stay with you—and—I'm very hungry—"

"Why, I thought I saw you eating grass!" said the mother. "Well, I will not say any more, as I see you are sorry for having been so foolish. Come, and I will feed you." So the Lamb had some milk for its supper, and then lay down at the mother's side before the cold dew came upon the grass.

And all the Daisies were asleep in the field: their heads hung down and nodded, just as if they were dreaming. Very soon the Lambs, and even the old Sheep, were fast asleep, too; but *our* little Lamb couldn't fall asleep for thinking. It looked up to the sky, and saw the bright stars come out one by one, like little eyes awaking, and it wondered if they knew anything about being obedient; but it could not ask them—they were too far away for that. So it looked down again, and among the grass it saw something so clear and shining—it was a glow-worm, but the Lamb had never seen one, so it said, "Little Star, I'm so glad you are come down. Will you tell me about the others up in the sky? May they do as they like, or must they be obedient, as we are?"

"I am only a field-star," said the Glow-worm. "I never was in the sky at all; but I stay out all night in summer, and I can tell you a great deal about the stars. How could you think they are not obedient? They come when they are called, and move as they



are bid. They hāste āway again w̄hen t̄he Sun awākes and says 'It is t̄ime.' What wōuld yōu think if yōu saw t̄he stārs in t̄he day t̄ime? Wōuldn't it lōk very strānge? And how dārk t̄he nīght wōuld bē w̄ithout t̄hem!"

But w̄hilst t̄he Glōw-worm wās tālking, t̄he little Lamb grew sō sleepy, its head nodded and nodded, till at last it laid itself down among t̄he dewy grass, fast asleep.

## 20.—THE WOODEN SPOON.

"Ah! child, do not belīve t̄hat happiness and riches are ālwāys ūnited," said t̄he mōther.

The gīrl lōked at her, as if shē did not qūite comprehend her meaning. "Mōther must knōw t̄hat it is happiēr to bē greāt, and rich, and admired, t̄han to bē poor and never thought of b̄y any one."

"Sister Anna is like t̄he wōoden spoon," said Andrew, w̄ithout stopping his wōrk of mākīng wōoden spoons.

"Like t̄he wōoden spoon! Am I like a wōoden spoon? Well, t̄hat is amūsin̄g!"

"Yes. Yōu see, Anna, t̄here wās ōnce on a t̄ime a wōoden spoon ——"

"I w̄ill not listen to yōu, Andrew."

"T̄hat is nō matter. T̄here wās ōnce ——"

"I tell yōu I do not hear yōu, Andrew."

"T̄hat ālsō is nō matter. Ōnce a wōoden spoon, t̄hat wās sō fine, sō pretty, mādē of t̄he best wōod,



and cārved in the mōst *beaūtifūl* manner—one cōūld never see a mōre delicate and tāstefūl wōōden spoon; and no one tōōk it up wīthout sayīng: ‘Oh, how pretty it is!’ Thus the little spoon grew vain and proud. ‘Ah,’ *thought* the *beaūtifūl* wōōden spoon, ‘If I cōūld ōnly bē like a silver spoon! Now I am ūsed bȳ the servants alōne; but if I wēre a silver spoon, it mīght happen thāt the kīng himself shōūld eat rīce-milk wīth mē out of a gōlden dish; w̄hereas, bēīng ōnly a wōōden spoon, it is nōthīng but meal-porridge I serve out to qūīte common fōlk.’ Sō the wōōden spoon said to the mistress, or meat-mōther as shē is cāllēd in Swēden: ‘Dear lādy, I consider mȳself too gōōd to bē a simple wōōden spoon; I feel wīthin mȳself thāt I wās not meant to bē in the kitchen, but thāt I ought to appear at grēāt tābles. I am not sūited to servants, *who* have such cōarse habits, and handle mē sō rūdely. Dear mistress, contrīve thāt I shall bē like a silver spoon.’ The meat-mōther wīshed to satisfȳ her pretty wōōden spoon; sō shē carried her to a silversmith, *who* promīsed to ōverlay her wīth silver. Hē did sō. The wōōden spoon wās silvered ōver, and shone like the sun. Then wās shē glad and proud, and scorned āll her ōld companions. When shē cāme hōme, shē lay in the plāte-basket and becāme qūīte intimate wīth the family silver, wīshed the tea-spoons to cāll her āunt, and cāllēd herself first-cōūsin to the silver forks. But it happened thāt w̄hen thē ōther spoons wēre tākēn out for dāily ūse, the silvered wōōden



spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, even when there was company and all the silver was brought out, and the poor wooden spoon was still left alone in the basket, she complained again to the mistress, and said: 'Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected.'

"'Ah,' said the mistress, 'the servants know by the weight that you are only silvered.'

"'Weight, weight!' cried the silvered spoon, 'What! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?'

"'Dear child, silver is heavier than wood.'

"'Then pray, make me heavier!' cried the spoon. 'I long to be as good as the rest, and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant.' The mistress, still willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the silversmith.

"'Good man,' she said to him, 'make this silvered spoon as heavy as a real silver one.'

"'To do that,' said the silversmith, 'it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle.'

"'Ah,' thought the poor spoon, 'then must he bore straight into my heart'—for the heart of a wooden



spoon *âlways* lies in the handle; that is to say, when wooden spoons *have* hearts—‘but one must beâr *âll* for *honor*. Yes, hē may *ēven* put a bit of lead in my heart, if hē *ōnly* mākēs mē sō that I shall pass for a *rēal* heavy silver spoon.’ Sō the silversmith bōred deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hārdened within it. But shē suffered *âll* for *honor’s* sākē. Then shē was silvered *ōver* again, and brought back to the plate basket. Now, the servant cāme, and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt nō difference; sō shē was placed with the rest on the *greāt* dinner-table, passed for a *rēal*, *beautifūl* silver spoon, and wōuld have been as happy as possible, if shē had not got a lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused a *greāt* heaviness there, and mādē her feel not quite happy in the midst of her *honors*. Sō time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, sō well was shē silvered, and sō heavy had shē been mādē. But the meat-mother died. At that, the silvered spoon, instead of *sorrowing*, as shē *ōnce* wōuld have done, *âlmōst* rejoiced; for every time shē had lain *shining* on the *greāt* table, shē had recollected that the meat-mother was thē *ōnly* person who knew that shē *rēally* was *nothing* mōre than a simple wooden spoon; and sō if her mistress took another spoon instead of her, shē becāme quite jealous, and said to herself, ‘That is because shē *knōws* *âll* about mē; shē *knōws* I am a wooden spoon, silvered outside, and with a lump of lead within mē.



But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself, 'Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever *know* now that I am not quite what I seem.' The goods, however, were now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up, in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest; she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. 'They will burn us up!' she cried. 'They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct!'

"'O no!' said an old silver spoon and fork, who lay composedly side by side—they had been comrades from youth these two, and had already gone through the furnace I *know* not how often—'O no! they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us: the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form.'

"The silvered wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, she knew that wood must do so.

"Ah!' sighed the silly spoon, 'I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is *known*!' The silver was cast into the furnace;



but when the göldsmith cāme and took her up, shē cried in greāt exċitement, and wĳth a trembling voice : ‘ Dear mǎster, I certainly am a silver spoon ; that is seen bōth bȳ mȳ appearānce and wēight ; but then I am not of the sāmē sort of silver as thē othēr spoons ; I am of a finer sort, wĳch cannot beār fire, but flies āway in smōke.’

“ ‘ Indeed ! wĳat are yōu then ? Perhaps tin ? ’

“ ‘ Tin ! can the dear mǎster think sō meanly of mē ? ’

“ ‘ Perhaps ēven lead.’

“ ‘ Lead ! āh, the mǎster can easĳly see if I am of lead.’

“ ‘ Well, that wĳll I do,’ said the mǎster, and began to bend the handle, and snap it wēnt in *two*, for wōod wĳll not beār bending like silver, any mōre thān it wĳll beār melting. The wōoden handle brōke in *two*, and out fell the lump of lead. ‘ Sō ! ’ cried the mǎster ; ‘ ōnly a common wōoden spoon silvered ōver ! ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ cried the poor spoon, wĳch, sō soon as the lead fell from her hēärt, grew qūite lĳght and happy ; ‘ Yes, I am ōnly a common wōoden spoon. Tāke āway the silvering, dear mǎster ; causē mē to bē mended, and set mē in the kitchen āgain, to serve out meal-porridge for the rest of mȳ life. Now, I *knōw* how stūpid it wās for a wōoden spoon to wānt to pass for a silver one ! ’ ”



## 21.—THE BRAMBLE'S STORY.

A merry little girl was one day running along as fast as she could with a basket of flowers in her hand. All at once something seized her frock so roughly behind that she nearly fell down. She pulled at her skirt, and pulled again, but still it was fast; so she looked round to see what it could be; and a great Bramble close by the path, had caught fast hold of the tuck of her frock, and wouldn't let it go.

"Are you in a hurry?" said the Bramble. "I wish you would sit down a bit by me; it's very pleasant on the grass."

"Please leave loose of my frock," said the child, "or you'll tear the tuck. There, that will do, thank you;" and she smoothed her frock under her, and sat down by the Bramble with her basket in her lap.

"But you must tell me a story, if I am to stay," said the little girl, as she began to twine her flowers into a garland; and the Bramble, after a flourish of her long arm, began:—

"When I am at my full height, I can see over that wall before us, and look at the lake beyond, with its quiet bays and pretty pebbly beach."

The child jumped up, and cried, "Oh, I can see it too; how pretty it is!"

"Well," continued the Bramble, "on that little beach there are hundreds of pebbles, of all shapes and sizes; there they lie summer and winter, all the



year round, and there I suppose they lay years before I was born."

"How tiresome it must be!" said the little girl; and again she jumped up from the grass.

"Now do sit down," said the Bramble, and she pulled her by the pinafore. "Perhaps you think so, for you don't seem to like sitting still; but I think they have variety enough in the weather and the seasons—the blue sky in summer, with the clouds as white as my blossoms floating overhead, and then the rain, making them shine like jewels in the sun. Autumn, perhaps, is a dull time, when the fog hangs upon the trees and loosens the red leaves; but when Winter sets in the frost is busy, and wherever there is the tiniest blade of grass or little weed growing he hangs them with crystals of the prettiest forms, and he sings some old tune to the lake at night that hushes it to sleep; and so it lies for days, cold and still, not a wave coming ashore to play; then down come the hailstones, claiming cousinship with the pebbles, and a merry dance they lead among them, and over the sleepy lake."

"I like all that," said the little girl; "but why have you wool hanging about you this warm weather?"

"Oh!" said the Bramble hastily, "the sheep leave it sometimes when I've told them a story. But you shouldn't interrupt me."

"Well," said the child, "go on." So she did.

"There were once three Pebbles that were friends.



They lived clōse together on the beach, and they wēre âll discontented, and every day they said, ‘Oh, wh̄y wēre wē born pebbles?’

“One of them had fâllen in love wîth a Wâter Lily that lived in the lāke; and every summer w̄hen the Lily lifted up her head, and her w̄hite dress gleamed in the sunshine, hē sighed, ‘Oh, wh̄y wās I born a pebble? If I had wîngs, I wōuld fl̄y to the Lily.’ And sō hē fretted and pīned, but hē did not grōw much thinner on that account, for that is not in the nātūre of stōnes.

“The second Pebble did not cāre for the Lily at âll; hē had a passion for calcūlātion, and thought hē cōuld distinguish himself in arithmetic. Hē fancied hē knew exāctly how many Pebbles lived on the beach, and hē calcūlāted how much cleverer hē wās than âll of them pūt together, and that amūsed him, and hē said, ‘If I cōuld ōnly meet wîth some clever person who understōod m̄y wōrth, I shōuld certainly bē tākē to the village yōnder, and mīght bē of grēat servīce in the schools.’

“The thīrd Pebble knew nothīng of love, still less about figures. Hē prīded himself upon hīs shāpe and color; hē wās âlways sayīng, ‘Wh̄y must I lie hēre amōng *common* Pebbles? I am sūre, if I wēre exāmined, I shōuld prove a mōst valūable specīmen for a mūseūm; but nō one comes hēre except the cattle.’

“Sō the three Pebbles complained to each other, and sometīmes they grew rāther tīred of each other’s



repinings and wishes. 'Oh, that I could fly to the Lily!' sighed the first. 'If she loved you, she would come over the lake to you,' said the calculating Pebble, in a provoking way. 'Alas! that is impossible,' replied the first; 'do you not know that she has ties of the most binding nature in her peaceful home? It is impossible—she cannot break them—and were they broken, how could so refined a creature put up with the vulgarity of this stony multitude?'

"'I would I were on the first shelf of a great museum,' said the gay-coloured Pebble again.

"'Hush!' said the first; 'don't you see something? Perhaps our time is come.' Then they all looked up eagerly, in spite of their blunt neighbors, who never believed a word they said about lucky pebbles that had come to honor and distinction. And so one fine summer afternoon three little boys went down to the beach to play. They were rosy-cheeked little fellows, with clean pinafores, and straw hats all stuck over with burs. And when the three friends saw them they whispered that these must be princes or elves of some kind, because they looked so beautiful and happy. The other Pebbles heard their whisperings, and when they saw the boys run about the shore in their coarse pinafores and clumsy shoes, they laughed till they crunched and rattled again. After a while the boys sat down close by the three friends, and began to arrange the burs on their hats like crowns.

"'You see we are right,' whispered the three Pebbles all together.



"One of the boys looked down just then for a bur that had fallen, and cried out, 'See, what a capital duck-and-drake stone!' and he took it up and showed it to his brothers.

"'Duck-and-drake stone!' thought the Pebble, not very much pleased at the praise, for he was jealous of the graceful Swan that swam over the lake every evening to the home of the Water Lily.

"'I'll try it,' said the boy; so he got up and swung his arm, and away the Pebble flew—oh, happiness!—bounding lightly over the clear water, skimming the blue ripples, many and many a time, and reaching the White Lily at last.

"His friends said, 'He is happy;' but the other Pebbles all declared he was drowned.

"Meantime another of the boys was searching busily among the Pebbles, and he said, 'I've lost my slate pencil, and I must find another to take to school to-morrow;' and presently he took up the calculating Pebble, saying, 'Here's one that will do famously;' and he made a sum with it, to find out how much his new pencil would cost less than the old one, and then put it in his pocket to take to school.

"The gay-colored Pebble was now the only one left, and not in the best of humors at being so long overlooked. When the boys were going away, the youngest took him up, and tossed him high in the air without so much as looking at him first. Down he came into a garden, where a little girl was walking with her doll; she couldn't think where the Pebble



had come from, and ran to pick it up; but when shē saw how prettily it was märked and shāped, shē said, ‘I dāre say it fell out of the skȳ, and is a greāt cūriosity.’ That was a word shē had learned from her brother, who was a big boy. Sō shē carried the Pebble into the house, and got upon a stool to püt it upon the märble chimney-piēce, between a piēce of spär and a bit of copper-öre. And the little gīrl thought it a greāt cūriosity, and the Pebble thought sō too, and they didn’t cāre what anybody else thought.”

“Thank yōû,” said the child to the Bramble; “I’ll gō now; but may I tāke some of the wōol? it will do for a pincūshion.” The Bramble did not think this pōlite, but shē said, “Yes;” and sō the līttle gīrl picked off the wōol, saying, “I’ll leave yōû my flowers instead.”

Thē old Bramble certainly did not like any flowers sō well as her ōwn white blossoms; but shē said, “Very well, yōû may leave them, for they will bring the bees, and I shall have a chat with them when yōû are gone.”

## 22.—THE THISTLE-SEED.

Thē old Thistle grew in a lārge fiēld not very fār from the hedge, and a stiff stātely dāme shē was. Shē stood bōlt upright, and held out her shārp prickles as a wārning to āll that cāme bȳ not to approach too near. In trūth shē was very fearless



and stout-hearted, and the only living thing she dreaded was an Ass. She would say, "Though he looks so stupid and harmless, he is more dangerous and mischievous than any other creature; he neither respects one's station nor one's prickles. I cannot endure those long grey ears."

The old Thistle was fond and proud of her children, but she was very particular about them. She did not approve the rambling ways of the blue Vetches and white Bind-weed at all: to climb over hedges and cling to every shrub and tree they might meet, she thought extremely undignified, and the sign of a very bad education.

Her children were all dressed exactly alike, in little short purple petticoats, and kept together in the narrow green nursery at the top of the house. There they might enjoy the sunshine, and see what was going on around; but as to dancing and playing with the leaves and flowers about them, that was quite out of the question.

"Only wait," the old Thistle said—"only wait patiently till you are older, the sun will soon change your purple frocks into white silken wings, and then you may fly whither you will into the wide world."

So the children waited.

It was the very last day of July when the old Thistle told her children that next morning, at sunrise, they were to leave home; a neighborly Breeze had promised to call as he passed, and teach them to use their wings.



Was not this delightful news for the children? All night the old Thistle stood as erect and stately as if she did not care a bit about parting with her children, but she did not sleep a wink. All night she listened sorrowfully to the crumbling of the nursery walls. At sunrise the children would be free to use their new white wings.

With the first dawn the good Breeze was there, and when he had whispered a few words to the grave old Thistle, he showed the children how to unfold their wings. At first they were heavy and moist, and many of them never rose at all, but alighted quietly at their mother's feet, clinging to each other in the dewy grass; some flew a little way, and then got entangled in the hedge, and remained there; but one flew high, and higher still, with the morning Breeze, and as the sun came fully out, and dried the silky wings, it sailed up joyously into the fair blue summer sky, over the field where the deserted nursery stood, past the village where the swallows looked out of their snug nests beneath the eaves, and sleepy-eyed children peeped from behind the blinds and saw the pretty Seed fly by.

When the sun grew hot the happy Thistle-seed sailed slowly over a field of ripening Corn.

Thousands of white Butterflies fluttered among the full ears of the Corn, and the proud rustling Corn whispered, "Why do you flutter so gaily, and spread your quivering wings, little Butterflies? We shall live and rejoice in the sunshine many a day, but you



will all die to-night." And the Butterflies closed their wings, all palpitating with fear and sorrow, and rested sadly on the corn. But there were two that flew up high into the warm air, and sported merrily; their fair wings kissed each other as they flew, and they said, "We are together and glad, we have sunshine and flowers to-day—we are together and glad, though we die to-night."

This made the Thistle-seed feel lonely, and it flew away from the Butterflies and the rustling Corn, and rested awhile on the leaf of an oak that grew by the roadside.

In the shadow of a tree sat a man weeping, and a dead child lay at his side; but he wept less for the dead than the living, for his children were ragged and hungry, and he was poor and could give them nothing; the oak-tree was all their shelter from sun and from storm. A bird settled on the branch and shook the light Thistle-seed from the leaf, so that it floated free in the air, and the man raised his weeping eyes, and it came into his mind that a bright little flower had faded so that the bright and happy Seed might wing its way to the blue sky. He looked more calmly on his faded child, more patiently on his living babes; and the Seed went on its way.

It was high noon when the Thistle-seed flew over a beautiful still lake. The wild-duck fed her brood among the reeds, and the white lilies floated near them, blue dragon-flies darted hither and thither,



and now and then a leaping fish dimpled the surface of the wāter. The cālm clear blue ēye of the lāke looked up to the clear blue ēye of heaven, as a placid bābe might look up, lovingly reflecting a loving mother's gāze. The Thistle-seed could see its ōwn tiny image pictured beneath, and much it wondered to mārķ sō light and frail a thing sailing in sāsafety and alōne through spāce. Fain wōuld it have gone down to the twin seed that appeared to float sō grācefully beneath, but when it heard the joyous tẃittering of the sẃallowš overhead it bade fārewell to the sunny lāke, and, rīsing hīgher, flew fār into the fiēldš again, and past many a rōse-covered cottage-pōrch and gaily-planted gārden.

In one of thēse the Seed saw a well-grown yōuth, wīth ruddy cheek and trustfūl ēye, leaving his qūiēt hōme for the first tīme. His mōther gāve him his bundle, and laying her hand tenderly upon his head, bade him "Fārewell, and God bless him!" while his little sister clung to him, and cried, "Do not leave us! Who will tāke cāre of yōu in the wīde, wīde world? Stay wīth us at hōme, brōther." Then tears cāme into the boy's ēyes, but hē gently disengāged himself, and wāving his hand went on his wāy.

Next it passed a grōup of boyš wīth a new-caught squīrrel in a cāge, gōing round and round continūally, and the boyš hung little bellš to the w̄heel, and their little sister stuck cabbage rōseš and hollyhockš bētwēen the bārš. The boyš wēre very proud of the squīrrel, and the w̄heel, and the bellš, and they said



that hē liked the wheel and the bells—"And the flowers," said the little girl. But the squirrel was sulky and angry if they tried to touch him. Truly the poor squirrel was not happy, but still hē went round and round with the glinging bells while the Thistle-seed flew by, and over the tops of high trees in the wood where the squirrel had left his mate and his helpless young ones, and all his joy and his freedom behind.

Now the Seed rose with the evening breeze over a green mountain; the hill-sheep cropped the short heath among the rocks, and the sweet grass of the mountain pasture; and in a quiet spot, sheltered and lonely, there sat One that mourned by a grass-covered grave. There was no stone to tell who it was that lay there, only the piled turf and the silent, steadfast mourner; the mountain lambs came fearlessly around, for the watcher was there daily and took no heed of them.

And then the sun went down. The harebells on the hill-side slept, sheltered in tents of green fern; the lambs couched on the heather, and the flowers on the grave-hill slept. The Thistle-seed, on weary wings, descended the mountain-side in the dim twilight, and now cold bats flittered through the night air and the owls came out of secret haunts on heavy, noiseless wings, hooting a wild "Good night," and the Thistle-seed at last sank down slowly to rest among the dewy grass.



## 23.—THE PROFITLESS GUESTS.

A Färm-*yärd* Cock once spōke to his Hen thus, 'It is now the time when nuts are ripe, let us gō to the hills and eat all wē can before the Squirrels carry them away.' "Yes," said the Hen, "let us gō and enjoy ourselves." Sō off they went, and as the day was bright they stayed till evening. Now, whether they had eaten too much, or whether they had become proud, I dōn't *knōw*, but the Hen wōuld not gō hōme on fōot, and the Cock must needs build her a carriage out of the nutshells. When it was ready the Hen got inside, and said to the Cock, "Now, yōu can hārness yōurself to it." "Nō, thank yōu," said hē, "I wōuld rāther wālk hōme than hārness mȳ ōwn self. Nay, nay, wē did not agree to that; I wōuld willingly bē coachman and sit on the box, but draw it mȳself I never will."

While they were contending a Duck cālled out hārd bȳ, "Ah, yōu noisy fōlk, whoever āsked yōu to gather nuts on mȳ nut-hill?" and shē rushed up with outstretched beak and flew at the Cock; but hē was not idle; hē attacked the Duck right valiantly, and wōunded her sō badly with his spur that shē begged for mercy, and willingly undertōok to draw the carriage hōme for him.

Then the Cock perched himself upon the box as coachman, and off they started at a grēāt rāte. On the way they ōvertōok two wālkers, a Pin and a Needle, who cālled out "stop," and said it had



become too dārķ to stitch ; they cōuld not gō another step, and the road wās very dīrty, mīght they get in for a little wāy ? Now thēse two had stopped at the dōor of the Tailor's house to drink beer, and that wās how they had been delayed ; but the Cock, seeīng they wēre thin pēople who wōuld not tāke up much room, let them bōth get in, first mākīng them promise not to stand on his toes or the Hen's. Sō they wēnt on again, and some tīme lāter cāme to an inn ; and because the Duck had hurt her fōot, and cōuld not travel further, they stopped there. Well, at first the landlord māde many objections : his house wās fūll, and hē thought, mōreōver, they wēre nōbody of any consequēce ; but at last, after they had āll māde fine speeches, and offered him thē egg the Hen *had* laid, and thē egg the Duck *was* to lay, hē let them remain. Sō when they had refreshed themselves they held a greāt revel, and quacked and cackled and crōwed till lāte ; but early next morning, when it wās still dārķ, and everybody else wās asleep, the Cock awōke the Hen, and quiētly fetchīng thē egg, brōke it, and the two āte it up together, thrōwīng thē empty shell amoīg thē ashes. Then they wēnt to the Needle, who wās fast asleep, and tākīng him by the head wīthout wākīng him, they stuck him up in the cūshion of the landlord's chair, whīlst the Pin they pūt into the middle of the kitchen towel. Thī done they flew off ōver the fiēlds and āwāy. The Duck, who wās sleepīng in thē ōpen air in the yārd, heard them fly past, and,



getting up quickly, waddled to a pond close by, over which she swam faster than she had dragged the carriage. Two hours later the landlord arose from his bed, and having washed, took up the towel in which the Pin was still taking his rest to dry himself; but in passing across his face, the Pin, suddenly trying to get upon its feet, scratched him from ear to ear! So he went to light his pipe for comfort; but in stirring the ashes the heated egg shells sprang up into his eyes! "Things are all going wrong with me this morning!" said he, sitting down hastily in his grandfather's chair; but he was no sooner down than up he jumps, crying, "Woe's me! woe's me!" for the Needle sleeping there had pricked him sorely! and now he was so completely wild, and so suspicious that his troubles came from the guests who had arrived the night before, that he ran out to look after them, but he soon found they were gone; therefore he earnestly declared that he would never again take into his house such a set of ragamuffins as these were, for they paid no reckoning, destroyed his goods, and gave him only mischievous tricks instead of thanks.

---

## 24.—THE LAPDOGS' HOLIDAY.

Two beautiful little dogs once lived in a fine large house; there they were washed and combed and fed with the greatest care; pretty little children, in very wide frocks and tight frilled trousers, nursed and



played with them on the soft carpet in the drawing-room, and visitors said, "What charming little dogs!" but some of them trod upon their toes and pushed them away with their feet sily all the time.

Sometimes the little lapdogs were allowed to play upon the smooth green lawn when the weather was fine and dry, but they had never been outside the gate at the end of the carriage-drive in all their lives. So they had a great desire to go and see something more of the world than they learnt in the drawing-room and on the lawn in sunny weather.

Now it happened that one fine morning the housemaid left the hall-door open while she went into the kitchen, and the two little dogs, seeing it, determined to slip out unperceived and to go as far as ever they could.

On they went, over the lawn to the iron gate, through the bars, across the road, into the fields beyond.

The dew was heavy upon the grass, for it was very early, and the little dogs didn't half like the chilly feel of it; but the sun soon shone out stronger, and they began to look about them curiously. They saw the spiders' webs in the grass filled with thousands of tiny dew-pearls, and couldn't think what they were; they wondered to see only daisy buds in the field and no full-blown flowers, for they knew nothing about daisies closing in sleep at night. They heard the lark singing, and the notes were very sweet, but they didn't understand all he said: his song was



about bēīng free, and they had never heard about Freedom befōre.

Well, on they wēnt ōver many fiēlds, and at last came out bȳ a wōōden gāte into a pretty lāne, and there they lay down, clōse crouched together, to see what wōūld come past, for they wēre afraid to gō further still from the house.

The little dogs looked very pretty and gentle as they caressed each other playfully, and licked each other's long silky hair to smooth it after the wētting it had got in the long grass.

They had not been there very long when they heard a bārk in the wōōd above them, and a shārp lively bārk it wās. After awhīle a rough terriēr cāme bounding tōwards them: the lapdogs wēre astonished, for they had never seen a terriēr befōre, and they thought āll dogs looked like themselves, or like the smooth spotted carriage dog that lived in the stāble. But when they saw his brīght round ēyes, looking kindly out of his hairy fāce, they felt as if they shōūld like him, and wēre quīte pleased when hē cāme to speak to them at the gāte.

Dogs are not ōbliged to wait to bē intrōdūced, as wē are, befōre wē can say "Gōōd mōrning!"

The Lapdogs soon tōld their new friend how they had slipt āway from the grēāt house. The Terriēr laughed and shōwed āll his whīte teeth, and actūally scampered about wīth amūsement at thē idēā of its bēīng *far* from the house; but after awhīle hē settled down a little, and began to tell them about himself.



Hē told them hē cāme from thē Island of Skȳe, and that hiȳ nāme wāȳ Jack. This puzzled the Lapdogs rāther. They did not *knōw* of such a plāce, and hālf-suspected the Terriēr wāȳ hoaxing them. Then *Jack* wāȳ such a qüeer nāme, not a bit like theirs—they wēre cālleȳ Fairy and Fidèle—and that had such a very different sound! However, they did not say anything, and Jack wēnt on to tell them hē had been a grēat traveller.

“What, āll bȳ yōūrselȳ?” cried the Lapdogs.

“Nō, but wīth mȳ māster,” said Jack. “I assūre yōū it is qüite pleasānt to travel wīth an intelligent māster like mīne. I shōūld not think of remainīng wīth any oȳer mȳself. To travel bȳ rail in a dārk box, or to bē shut up in a stāble wēn one’s māster goēȳ out to see the town, is wāt nō dog of spirit wōūld submit to; but mȳ māster (hē’s somewēre in the wōȳd wīth hiȳ boȳk) is rēally uncommonly attentīve to mē, and bȳ takiīng pains hē can māke out ālmōst everythīng I say. And I, on mȳ pārt, am cārefūl not to give him unnecessāry trouble, and sō wē are very gōȳd friends ūsūally.”

The Lapdogs wēre qüite amāzed to hear Jack tālk in thīȳ off-hand mānner, and they begān to feel grēat respect for him. They had never heard of dogs mākiīng friends of men befōre; they felt they had never been anything but playthīngs thēmselȳes, and they grew qüite sēriȳous.

When Jack saw thīȳ, hē wōrriēȳ them gōȳd-hūmoredly aboȳt the neck, and told them to cheer



up, and come and take some breakfast with him: he had a capital store of bones in the wood. You may imagine neither Fairy nor Fiddle had ever breakfasted upon old earth-covered bones before; but to-day they were disposed to follow their fortunes boldly, come what might: so they managed to gnaw the bones almost as well as Jack, for the morning air had improved their appetites wonderfully.

When the feast was done, and Jack had buried the rest of the bones, he shook off the earth from his funny hairy face, and lay down on the grass in a cosy spot, with his two little guests, and began to tell them stories about dogs he had known in different places, with sometimes an anecdote of a remarkably faithful and intelligent master.

Jack told them about the shep-herds' dogs he had seen among the mountains, how clever and useful they were; how active and bold in ranging the wild hills in snow-storm and in mist, saving many a sheep from cruel and lingering death every year; how they knew every lamb in the flock, and would even stay alone on the hill-side, watching the sheep, while the shep-herd returned to his cottage to dine, or attend to any other business; and that the shepherds valued their dogs more than gold or silver.

This pleased the little Lapdogs very much; but they thought rather sorrowfully that they had never done anything half so useful in their lives.

Then Jack told them a story of a large curly black



dog hē knew, that drew a heavily-lāden cārt in a town. Every day shē wālked the sāmē round thrōugh the pāved streets, whēther it rained or snōwed, or whēther the sun wās burning hot, and her māster cāred but little about her, and gāve her māny a hārd blōw, and not māny kīnd wōrds: and Jack said hē had a very grēāt friendship for her, shē wās sō pātient and wōrked sō hārd; and every day, at thē hour hē knew shē wōuld pass, hē ūsed to bārk and māke a terrible noise until hiș māster let him out, and thē hē ran to the corner of the street to say a few wōrds to her, and advișe her to run āwāy whēn shē wās unyōked at nīght.

“And did shē?” asked the Lapdogs.

“Nō!” said Jack, and hē tōre up a mouthfūl of grass in vexātion at the remembrance. “Nō, shē wōuldn’t hear of it; shē said shē wās ūsed to her māster now, shē had been wīth him sō māny yēars, and shē thought hē wōuld miss her sadly now that hē wās getting ōld, and sō shē wās determined to stay, thōugh the yōke gāllēd her poor shōuldērs sadly.”

The Lapdogs thought this wās very nōble.

“Yes,” said Jack; “yōu may wēll say sō; but it is astonishing what dogs will do for mankind. Wē find thē mōre companionable thān any othē creatūres not of our ōwn kīnd, and that mākes us pūt up wīth a gōod deal from thē.”

The little pet dogs wēre not accustomed to such reflections, and thēy began to fear thēy must bē very



ignorant, and âlmōst to wish they had been born terriërs, like Jack.

"Tell us something mōre about yōur travels," said they, after a pause.

Sō Jack tōld them hē had oncē gone quīte out of the country wīth his māster, and ōver a piēce of wāter that wās too broad to swīm across; and that they wēt in a ship that rocked them about much mōre than any carriage; and that they wēre bōth very sick, but his māster the worst.

Hē tōld them how they travelled in a new country to see a fāmous mountain, and how they wēt to the top of it, which wās âlways covered wīth snōw, and how difficult and dāngerous it wās for strāngers to cross thēse mountains wīthout guides. "Near the top," said Jack, "wē found a comfortable house, which astonished mē a goōd deal at first. When I becāme acquāinted wīth the men who lived there, I found they wēre charitable pēople who devōted themselves, wīth the help of their sagācious dogs, to sāvīng bewīldered travellers who had lost themselves in the snow. They confessed that wīthout the help of the dogs they cōūld do but little. One nōble creature had ēven brought a child, that wās too weak to wālk, on his back to the convent dōor."

Fairy and Fidèle thought thēse must bē goōd men indeed, and they admīred the fine dogs of Sāint Bernard not a little.

Jack said, sō did hē; and that hē wās sorry to hear sīnce bōth men and dogs had left the mountain



shelter and the bewildered travellers to their fate; hē did not *knōw* why—hē had not heard; hē thought, perhaps, it might bē something about the wār; for, of cōurse, it did seem ūseless for men to spend āll their lives among the mists and the snōw, for the chance of sāvīng a few lives, when they wēre sō little thought of in the valleys—hē said hē didn't understand it!

After a pause, which Jack spent in thoughtfully scratching his head with his great rough paw, the little dogs said, "Do tell us one mōre stōry, and then wē rēally must gō."

Sō Jack said, "I will tell yōu a stōry about a cur that I admīre mōre than any dog I *knōw*."

"A *cur*!" cried Fairy and Fidèle, bōth at once. They thought a cur must bē a good-for-nothing, mean, ill-nātūred dog.

"Nō," said Jack, "that is a prejūdice, as yōu will see. A poor, decrepit, blīnd man was one day sittīng on a dōor-step in the street; they had turned him out of his little mīserable lodgīng; hē had nō friend left in the world, and hē wished to die. Hē said to himself, 'I cannot beg any mōre, men are sō very hārd—I wōuld rāther die at once;' and then hē let his head fāll upon his hands. A little cur dog, with an ugly stump of a tail, and badly cut ears, cāme to him out of the kennel, and rubbed himself against his legs; but the blīnd beggar did not nōtice him. The little cur sat down beside him, and when hē wrung his withered hands, and said, 'I have nō friend



left! I have nō friend left!’ hē jumped up to him, and licked hiș hand, aș if hē wōuld have said, ‘Let mē bē yōur friend;’ and thiș hē did sō often, that at last the blind beggar stooped to strōke him, and tears rōlled down from hiș blind eȳeș upon the little bōny dog’s coat.

“That nīght the rats coūldn’t come to nibble the blind man’s hair and hiș tattered clōtheș, aș they had often done befōre, for the little cur kept them off aș hē lay at hiș mäsťer’s feet and wārmed them; and every day sīnce hē haș led him sāfely throūgh the crowded streets, pūtting himself betwēen hiș mäsťer and the dānger, if there wāș any; every day hē haș begged for him from the passers-by, standing upon hiș hīnd legș, wīth a little tin cup in hiș mouth, mōst pātiently. When hiș mäsťer iș ill, hē stands in the streets alōne, and many a one who doeș not feel for the poor beggar gīveș a penny to the faithfūl little dog!

“When the blind beggar dieș, nō one wīll mōurn for him, nō one wīll sit upon hiș grāve and wīsh for him to come back again, exĉept the little cur dog, that haș been hiș friend sīnce āll the wōrld forsook him.”

“Ah, Jack,” said one of the Lapdogs, “I am afraid wē are very ūseless creatures! Wē can do none of the thiņgș yōu have tōld us about!” And they bōth hung their heads, and looked qūite dejected.

Jack wāș somewhāt amūsed at thē idēa of thēse silky-coated little thiņgș drawing heavy wēights,



sāving lost travellers, or suppōrtiṅg blind beggars in the crowded streets; but hē wās too kind to laugh at their distress. Hē tōld them it wās ālwāys intended that there shoūld bē different kinds of dogs. "The mastiff for the yārd, and the spaniel for the drawiṅg-room," said hē. "Yōu must ālwāys bē lapdogs; but there are two wāys of bēiṅg a lapdog—yōu may bē cross-tempered and greedy, noisy and lāzy, the plāgues of a whōle househōld; or yōu may bē lively and gentle and pleasant companions to yōur mistress and the children."

"Oh, yes," said Fairy, "wē can do somethiṅg, I knōw; wē may bē goōd wēn wē're wāshed; wē may bē clean wēn wē eat; wē may leave off bārkiṅg at the cat and frighteniṅg the canāry; wē may keep āway from particūlar ōld ladies and timid children. Dōn't yōu think wē may do a goōd deal if wē ōnly think about it, Jack?"

"What's that?" cried Fairy, stārtiṅg up; and they saw the little frilled children peepiṅg ōver the gāte—they had come to loōk for their strayed pets, and wēre deliḡhted to find them sāfe.

Jack scampered round them, and pretended to catch them bȳ the frocks and keep them; but they soon found hē wās not angry, sō they toōk their pets in their ārms, and carried them āway ōver the fiēlds to the house again.

And Jack heard them scōldiṅg and kissiṅg them āll the wāy ās they went.



## 25.—SIR GAMMER VANS.

## AN OLD IRISH STORY.

Last Sunday morning, at six o'clock in the evening, as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little boat, I met two men on horseback, riding on one mare, so I asked them, "Could they tell me whether the little old woman was dead yet, who was hanged last Saturday week for drowning herself in a shower of feathers?" They said they could not positively inform me, but if I went to Sir Gammer Vans he could tell me all about it. "But how am I to know the house?" said I. "Hō 'tis easy enough," said they, "for it's a brick house, built entirely of flints, standing alone by itself in the middle of sixty or seventy others just like it." "Oh, nothing in the world is easier," said I. "Nothing can be easier," said they. So I went on my way. Now this Sir Gammer Vans was a giant, and bottle-maker. And as all giants, who are bottle-makers, usually pop out of a little thumb bottle from behind the door, so did Sir Gammer Vans. "How d'ye do?" says he. "Very well, I thank you," says I. "Have some breakfast with me?" "With all my heart," says I. So he gave me a slice of beer, and a cup of cold veal; and there was a little dog under the table, that picked up all the crumbs. "Hang him," says I. "Nō, dōn't hang him," says he; "for he killed a hare yesterday. And if you dōn't believe me, I'll show you the hare alive in a basket." So



hē took mē into his gārden to shōw mē the cūriosities. In one corner there wās a fox hatchīng eagle's eggs; in another there wās an iron apple-tree, entirely covered wīth pēars and lead; in the thīrd there wās the hāre wīch the dog killed yēsterday alive in the basket; and in the fōurth there wēre twēnty-fōur *happer-switches* threshīng tobaccō, and at the sīght of mē they threshed sō hārd that they drōve the plug throūgh the wāll, and throūgh a little dog that wās passīng bȳ on thē othēr sīde. I, hearing the dog howl, jumped ōver the wāll; and turned it as neatly insīde out as possible, wēn it ran āway as if it had not an hour to live. Then hē took mē into the pārk to shōw mē his deer; and I remembered that I had a wārrant in mȳ pocket to shoot venīson for his majesty's dinner. Sō I set fīre to mȳ bōw, poīsed mȳ arrōw, and shot amōngst them. I brōke seventeen ribs on one sīde, and twēnty-one and a hālf on thē othēr; but mȳ arrōw past clean throūgh wīthout ever touchīng it; and the worst wās, I lost mȳ arrōw. However, I found it again in the hollōw of a tree. I felt it; it felt clammy. I smelt it; it smelt honey. "Oh, hō!" said I, "hēre's a beē's nest," wēn out sprūng a covey of pārtrīdges. I shot at them; some say I killed eīghteen; but I am sūre I killed thīrty-six, besīdes a dead salmon wīch wās flyīng ōver the brīdge, of wīch I māde the best apple pie I ever tāsted.

---



## 26.—THE OLD NORSE HEROES.

In the beginning of āges there lived a cow whose breath was sweet and milk bitter. Shē was called Audhumla (därkness) and shē lived alōne on a frosty plain where was nothing but snēw and ice. Fär to the north was night; to the south, day; but there, only a cōld grey twilight reigned. Bȳ and bȳ a gīant cāme and drank the cow's milk.

After a while the cow, looking round for food, saw a few grains of sāl̥t that were sprinkled over the ice, and shē licked them and breathed with her sweet breath; and then long gōlden locks rōse out of the ice.

The gīant frowned, but Audhumla licked the pure sāl̥t again, and the head of a man mōre handsome than cōuld bē described, with a wonderful light in its clear blue eyes, rōse out of the ice. The gīant frowned still mōre, but the cow licked a thīrd time, and an active man arōse—a hērō majestic in strength and märvellous in beauty.

Nōw, the gīant vowed hē wōuld not cease fighting 'till hē or the hērō shoūld lie dead, and hē kept his vow, for the hērō lay dead under his crūel blōws. Afterwārd, as the hērō's sons grew up, the gīant and his brood fought against them ālsō, and nearly conquered them many times.

But there was one of the sons cālled ODIN, the sāme whose day is our fourth—Odin's, or Wōden's, or Wednes-day; and hē had grēat strength and



wisdom; and at last hē slew thē ōld gīant, whose blood welled fōrth in such a mighty torrent that āll the hidēous gīants wēre drowned exēpt one who ran āway pantīng and afraid.

Then Odin cāllēd to hīs sōn̄s and kin-fōlk, "Wē cannot stay longer hēre, w̄here is nō ēvil to fight against;" and thēy said, "It is wēll spōken, Odin; wē follōw yōu."

"Southwārd," answered Odin, "heat lies; north-wārd, nīght. From thē dim east thē sun begins hīs journey wēstwārd hōme."

"Westwārd hōme!" shouted thēy āll; and wēst-wārd thēy wēnt.

Odin rōde in thē midst of thēm. On hīs rīght rōde Thor, Odin's strong, wārlike, eldest son, whose day is our fifth, or Thurs-day; on hīs left, Bāldur, thē mōst beaūtīfūl of hīs children; after him, Tyr thē Brāve; Vidār thē Silent; Hōdur, who, alas! wās born blīnd; Hermod, thē Flyīng Word; and many mōre lord̄s and hēroes; and thēn, in a shell chariot, Frigga, wīfe of Odin, wīth āll her daughters, friends, and tirewōmen.

At thē twēlfth new moon thēy pitched thēir tents on a rānge of hills near an inland sea. Thē grēatēr pārt of one nīght thēy wēre disturbed b̄y mystērious whisperiņgs that crept up thē mountain sīde; but Tyr, who got up a dozen tīmes and ran fūriously about amōng thē gorse and būshēs, couīd see nō one. Odin lay āwāke, and in thē mōrning a terrīfic hurricānc swēpt about thē bāses of thē hills.



and drōve fūriously up the mountain gorges rīght in the fāces of the hēroes.

But Odin stepped fōrth unruffled, and called out to the spirits of the wīnd to cease, and tell in what manner the hēroes had offended them.

The wīnds laughed, but after a few lōw titterings sank into sīlence, and each sound grew into a shāpe; one bȳ one the loose-limbed uncertain forms stepped fōrth from cāves, from gorges, dropped from tree tops, or rōse out of the grass, each gust a separate Van.

Then Niōrd their leader stoōd fōrwārd, and said, "Wē knōw mīghty Odin, yōu are lord of the whōle earth. Wē, too, are lords, lords of the sea and the air, and wē thought to have had spōrt in fighting; but if that bē not yōur pleasūre let us shāke hands." And hē held out along, cōld hand, like a wīndbag. Odin grasped it heartily, and sō did they āll, for they līked the gōod nātūred, gusty chiēf, whom they begged to live thencefōrth wīth them.

To this Niōrd consented, whistled gōod bȳe to his kinfōlk, and strōde along cheerfully westwārd, wīth his new friends. When they cāme to a lofty mountain cāllēd Meeting Hill, and sat in a cīrcle, Niōrd pointed out the snōwy rēgion of Gīanthōme, where lived the gīant who escapēd drowning in his fāther's blood, and where hē built citiēs and brought up his hidēous children.

This is terrible news," said Frigga, "for the gīants will come out again and wāste the earth."

"Not sō," said Odin, "not sō; wē will build a city



upon this very hill, and keep guärd över the poor earth with its weak men and wömen, and thence wē will märke wär upon Gíanthöme."

"That is well, Fäther Odin, cried Thor, laughing amidst his red beard. Tyr shouted and Vidär smiled, and äll set to work with their whole strength to build a glörious city on the summit of the mountain. They worked for years, and never wearied. Even Frigga and her ladies brought stönes in their märble wheel-barröws, and wäter in gölden buckets, and mixed the mortar with their delicate hands on silver plätes. And sö the city röse, heíght above heíght, till it crowned the hill.

At a giddy heíght in the center röse Odin's seat, Air Thröne, whence hē could see the whole Earth. On one side of it stood the Palace of Friends, where Frigga was to live; on the other Gladhöme, a palace roofed with gölden shields, whose great häll Valhalla had a cēlíng of spears, benches spread with coats of mail, and five hundred and forty entrances through which eight hundred men might ride abreast. There was älsö a lärke iron smithy, to förge ärms and shäpe ärmor. Their new höme was called ASGARD, that is, the höme of the Gods.

## 27.—FREY AND THE LIGHT ELVES.

In the morning Odin mounted Air Thröne and looked över the whole earth, whilst äll stood round waiting to hear what hē thought about it.

"The earth is very beautiful," said Odin, "very



beaūtifūl in every pārt, ēven to the shōres of the dārk North Sea; but the men, alas! are fearfūl. Even now I see a three-headed gīant strīdīng out of Gīanthōme; hē thrōws a shepherd-boy into the sea and pūts the whōle flock into his pocket; hē tākes them out again one bȳ one, and cracks their bōnes as if they wēre hāzel-nuts, whīlst the men āll the tīme loōk on and do nōthing."

"Fāther," cried Thor in a rāge, "I wīll gō ālōne to Gīanthōme wīth the belt and glove and hammer I fōrged last nīght." And Thor wēnt.

Then said Odin again, "The men of thē earth are idle and stūpid. There are dȳwārf and elves who live amōng them and play tricks they do not knōw how to prevent. I see a hūsbāndman sōwīng wheat in the furrōws whīle a dȳwārf runs after him and chānges them into stōnes. Two hidēous little bēīngs, again, hōld the head of a strānge man under wāter till hē dies; they mix his blood wīth honey; they pūt it into a jār and give it to a gīant to keep for them."

Then Odin wās very angry wīth the dȳwārfs, for hē saw they wēre bent on mischief; sō hē cālled to Hermod, his Flȳīng Word, and sent him to the dȳwārfs and līght elves, to say, wīth Odin's compliments, thāt hē wōuld bē glad to speak wīth them, in his palāce of Gladhōme, upon a matter of some impōrtānce.

When the dȳwārfs and līght elves recēived this summons they wēre very much surprīsed, not knōwīng whēther to feel honored or afraid; but they pūt on



their pertest manners and went clustering after Hermod like a swârm of lădy-bîrds.

Upon their arrival Odin cāme down from his thrōne and sat wîth the rest of the Lords in the Judg̃ment Hăll. Hermod flew in and havîng salūted Odin, pointed to the dŵarfs and elves hangîng like a cloud in the dōorway, to shōw that hē had fūltled his mission. Then Odin beckoned the little pēople to come forwărd. Cowering and whispering they peeped ōver one anōther's shōulders; now ran a little way into the hăll, then back again, hălf cūrious, hălf afraid; and it wăş not until Odin had beckoned three tîmes that they finally reached his fōotstool. Then Odin spōke to them in călm, lōw, sērious tōnes about the badness of mischievous ways. The very worst ōnly laughed in a forwărd hărdened manner; but many looked up surprîsed and a little pleasēd at the novelty of sērious wōrds; the lîght elves āll wept, for they wēre tender-heărted little thîngs. At length Odin spōke bŷ năme to the two dŵarfs whom hē had seen drownîng the strānge man. "Whōse blood wăş it that yōu mixed wîth honey and pūt into the jār?"

"Oh," cried the two dŵarfs, jumpîng up into thē air and clappîng their hands, "that wăş Kvăsîr's blood; dōn't yōu knōw who Kvăsîr wăş? Hē sprang up out of the peace măde between the Lords of the sea and air and yōurselves, and has been wănderîng about thēse seven yēars or mōre, and sō wîse hē wăş that men thought hē must bē a god.



Well, wē found him lȳing in a meadōw drowned in his ōwn wiſdom, sō wē mixed his blood wiṭh honey and gāve it to gīant Suttung to keep; wās not ṭhat well done, Odin?”

“Well done?” answered Odin, “well done? yōū cowardly crūel dŵarfs! I mȳself saw yōū kill him. For shāme, for shāme!” And ṭhen Odin passed sentence upon ṭhem āll. Ṭhōse who had been mōst wicked wēre to live ṭhencefōrth a lōng wāy underground, and spend ṭheir tīme in thrōwing fūel upon the grēat central fire of ṭhē earth; ṭhōse who had ōnly been mischievous wēre to wōrk in ṭhe gōld and diamond mīnes, fashioning preciūs stōnes and metals. All mīght come up at nīght, but must vanish at dawn. Ṭhen Odin wāved his hand, and ṭhe dŵarfs, chattering shrilly, turned round and scampered down the palāce steps and out of ṭhe city, ōver ṭhe green fiēlds, to ṭheir deep-buried hōmes in ṭhē earth.

But ṭhe līght elves still lingered wiṭh upturned, tearfūl, smīling fāces, like morning dew in ṭhe sunshine. “And yōū,” said Odin, loōking ṭhem throūgh and throūgh wiṭh his sērious eȳes, “and yōū——”

“Oh! indeed, Odin,” interrupted ṭhey, speaking āll toȳether in quīck, uncertain tōnes, “Oh! indeed Odin, wē are not very wicked; wē have never done anybody any hārm.”

“Have yōū ever done anybody any gōod?” asked Odin.

“Oh! nō, indeed, wē have never done any thing at āll.”



"Yoû may gō, then, to live among the flowers, and play with the wild bees and summer insects. Yoû must, however, find something to do, or yoû will grow to bē mischievous like the dŵarfs."

"If ōnly wē had some one to teach us," said the light elves, "for wē are very foolish little pēople."

Odin looked round inquiringly, but seeing nō teacher for the simple little elves, hē turned to Niōrd, who nodded his head good-nāturedly, and said, "Yes, yes, I'll see about it," and then strōde out of the Hāll, away through the city gātes, and sat down upon thē edge of the mountain.

After a while Niōrd began to whistle in an alārming manner, louder and louder, in strong wild gusts, now advancing, now retreating; then hē dropped his voice a little lōwēr and lōwēr, till it became like a bīrd's, lōw, soft, and entīcing; and from fār off in the south a little fluttering answer cāme, sweet as thē invitātion itself, nearer and nearer, until bōth the sounds dropped into one. Then through the clear skȳ two forms cāme floating, wonderfully fair—a brother and sister—their beautiful ārms twined round one another, their gōlden hair bathed in sunlight and lifted bȳ the wind.

"Mȳ son and daughter, Frey and Freyja, Summer and Beauty," said Niōrd, proudly.

When they lighted on the hill, Niōrd took his son bȳ the hand, and led him grācefully to the foot of the thrōne, saying, "Look, dear brother Lord, what a fair young instructor I have brought for the pretty little elves."



Odin was much pleased with Frey, but, before making him king and schoolmaster of the light elves, desired to know what he considered himself competent to teach.

"I am the genius of clouds and sunshine," answered Frey—and as he spoke the essences of a hundred perfumes were exhaled from his breath—"and if the light elves will have me for their king I can teach them how to burst the folded buds, to set the blossoms, to pour sweetness into the swelling fruit, to lead the bees through the honey-passages of the flowers, to make the single stalk an ear of wheat, to hatch birds' eggs, and train the little birds to sing—all this and much more will I teach them," said Frey.

"Then," replied Odin, "it is well!" and Frey led his scholars away with him to Elfhöme, which is in every beautiful place under the sun.

Wherever Frey came was summer and sunshine. Flowers sprang up under his feet; bright-winged insects hovered about him like flying blossoms, and his warm breath ripened the fruit on the trees, and gave a bright yellow color to the corn, and a purple bloom to the grapes as he passed through the fields and vineyards.

When he rode in his car, drawn by the stately boar, Golden Bristles, soft winds blew before him, filling the air with fragrance, and spreading the news, "Van Frey is coming!" and every half-closed flower burst into perfect beauty, while forest and field and hill put on their richest dresses to greet his presence.



Under Frey's cāre the little light elves learnt all the pleasant things hē had promised to teach them; and it was in trūth a sŵeet sīght to see them in the evenīngs fillīng their tīny buckets, and runnīng about among the wōods and meadōws to hanġ the dew-drops deftly on the slender tips of the grass, or drop them into the hālf-clōsed cups of the sleepy flowers. And wēn their day's tasks wēre done it was delīghtfūl to see them clusterīng round their summer kīng, like bees about their qūeen, wīle hē tōld them quāint tāles of thē ōld wārs betwēen the hēroes and the ġiānts, and of the happy tīme wēn hē lived alōne wīth hīs fāther, Nīord, and listened to the wāves sīngīng sōngs of fār distant lands.

And thus the tīme was pleasāntly spent in Elfhōme.

---

## 28.—ANCIENT AND ROMAN BRITAIN.

Look at a map of the wōrld, and yōu wīll see, in the left-hand upper corner of thē Eastern Hemisphēre, two īslands līyīng in the sea—England and Scotland, and Ireland. The little neīghborīng īslands are chīēfly little bits of Scotland, brōken off, I dāre say, in the cōurse of a grēat length of tīme, bī the power of the restless wāters.

In thē ōld days, a lōng, lōng wīle agō, befōre our Sāviour Jēsus Chrīst was born on earth and lay asleep in a mānger, thēse īslands wēre in the sāmē plāce, and the stormy sea roared round them just as



it roars now. But the sea was not alive, then, with great ships and brave sailors. It was very lonely. The foaming waves dashed against the cliffs of these islands, and the bleak winds blew over their forests, but winds and waves brought no adventurers, and the savage islanders knew nothing of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world nothing of them.

It is supposed the Phœnicians, an ancient Syrian people, famous for trade, came in ships for tin and lead, both produced to this hour on the sea-coast. The most celebrated mines in Cornwâll are still close to the sea. One is so close that it is hollowed out underneath the ocean, and the miners say that in stormy weather, when at work down in that deep place, they can hear the noise of the waves thundering above their heads. The islanders were, at first, poor savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, staining their bodies as other savages do, with colored earths and juices of plants. But little by little strangers mixed with them, and the savage Britons grew a wild bold people, almost savage still, but hardy, brave, and strong.

The whole country was covered with forests and swamps; the greater part misty and cold—no roads, bridges, streets or houses deserving the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall of mud or trunks of trees. The people planted little or no corn, but lived on the flesh of



their cattle. They made nō coin, but ūsed metal rings for money. They wēre clever in basket work, and could make coarse cloth and some very bad earthenwāre. They made boats of basket work covered with skins, but seldom ventūred fār from shore. They made awkward swords of copper and tin, and light shields, short daggers, and spears. Bēing divided into many tribes they wēre constantly fighting with one another as savage pēople do. They wēre fond of horses, and could manage them wonderfully. Without thēse they could not have succeeded in the ūse of their wār chariots, which wēre nearly breast high in front, ōpen behind, and held one man to drive and two or three to fight. The horses wōuld tear at full gallop, dashing down their māster's enemies and cutting them with blādes that stretched out from the sides of the cār for that crūel purpose. While at full speed they wōuld stop at command; the men wōuld leap out, deal blōws like hail, leap back on the horses, on the pōle, anyhow, and then the horses wōuld tear āway again.

The Britons had a terrible religion cālled the religion of the Drūids. Mōst of its ceremonies wēre kept sēcret by the priests; but it is certain they sacrificed hūman victims. The Drūids had some kind of venerātion for thē oak and misletoe. They met in dārkwōods, and there instructed yōung men in their mystērious ārts. They built grēat temples, ōpen to the skȳ, some of which still remain, as at Stōnehenge. The Drūids wēre very powerful and



much believed in; and as they made and executed the laws and paid no taxes, no wonder they liked their trade; and as they persuaded the people the more Druids there were the better off the people would be, I don't wonder there were so many of them. But it is pleasant to think there are no Druids *now* who go on in that way.

Fifty-five years before our Saviour, Julius Cæsar, the great Roman general, came across the sea with twelve thousand men; but the bold Britons fought him bravely, and he ran great risk of being totally defeated. He came next year with thirty thousand men. Caswallon was chosen general of the Britons, and well he and his soldiers fought the Romans; but as other chiefs were jealous of him he proposed peace, and Cæsar was glad to grant it and go away. He had expected to find pearls in Britain, and he may have found a few; but I am sure he found tough Britons, of whom, I dare say, he made the same complaint as Napoleon, the great French general, did eighteen hundred years after, when he said they were such unreasonable fellows, they never knew when they were beaten. They never *did* know, I believe, and never will!

Nearly a hundred years passed on, and there was peace in Britain. The Britons became more civilized. At last the Romans came again with a mighty force. The Britons would not yield, and the brave Caractacus gave battle among the mountains of North Wales; but lost the day and was carried prisoner to Rome.



The Britons rōse again, under Bōadicēa, a British queen, but were again vanquished with great slaughter. Still their spirit was not brōken. They fought the bloodiēst battles with the Rōman emperor Agricōla, and with succeeding emperors, and then there were intervals of peace.

Then came the *Saxons*, a fiērcē sea-fāring pēople from Germany; and for two hundred years they and the Scots and Picts from Ireland and North Britain māde repeated attacks, and āll this tīme the Britons rōse on the Rōmans, until at last, āll the world bēing against the Rōmans, they abandoned thē Islands, for their sōldiers were wanted at hōme.

Five hundred years had past since Jūlius Cēsar's first invāsiōn of thē Island, when the Rōmans depārted from it for ever. They had done much to improve the condition of the Britons; they had māde roads and forts, and had refined the whōle British way of living. Above āll it was in Rōman tīme and by means of Rōman ships that the Christian religion was brought, and the pēople first taught the great lesson that to bē good in the sight of God they must love their neighbors as themselves and do unto others as they wōuld bē done by.

Little is knōwn of thēse five hundred years; but some remains are found—rusty money that once belonged to Rōmans; fragments of plāte from which they āte, and goblets they drank from, are still found in digging. Wells they sunk; roads they māde; trāces of Rōman camps ōvergrōwn with grass, and



mounds that are the burial-places of heaps of Britons are to be found in almost all parts. Across the bleak moors of Northumberland, the great wall of the Roman emperor Severus, over-run with moss and weeds, still stretches a strong ruin; and the shepherds and their dogs lie sleeping on it in the summer weather.

---

## 29.—HAROLD II.

Harold, son of Earl Godwin, was crowned King of England on the very day of the maudlin Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rothen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath to resign the Crown. Harold would do no such thing, and so the barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of *Harold Hardrada*, King of Norway. This brother, and this Norwëgian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight, in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at



Hāstings, wīth hīs ārmȳ, mārched to Stamford Bridge, upon the river Derwēnt, to give them instant battle.

Hē found them drawn up in a hollōw cīrle, mārked out bȳ their shīnīng spears. Rīdīng round this cīrle at a distance, to survey it, hē saw a brāve figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a brīght helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fāllen?" Harold asked of one of hīs captains.

"The Kīng of Norwāy," hē replied.

"Hē is a tāll and stātely kīng," said Harold, "but hīs end is near."

Hē added, in a little wīle, "Gō yonder to mȳ brōther, and tell him if hē wīthdraw hīs troops hē shall bē Earl of Northumberland, and rich and pow-erful in England."

The captain rōde āwāy and gāve the message.

"What wīll hē give to mȳ friend the Kīng of Norwāy?" asked the brōther.

"Seven feet of earth for a grāve," replied the captain.

"Nō mōre?" returned the brōther, wīth a smīle.

"The Kīng of Norwāy bēīng a tāll man, perhaps a little mōre," replied the captain.

"Rīde back," said the brōther, "and tell Kīng Harold to māke ready for the fīght!"

Hē did sō, very soon. And such a fīght Kīng Harold led against that fōrce, that hīs brōther, and the Norwēgian Kīng, and every chīef of nōte in āll their hōst, except the Norwēgian Kīng's son, Olāve,



to *whom* hē gāve *honorable* dismissal, wēre left dead upon the fiēld. The victōrious ärmý mārched to York. Aš Kīng Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of äll hiš company, a stīr wās heard at the dōors; and messengers äll covered wīth mīre, from rīdīng fār and fast throùgh brōken ground, cāme hurrying in, to repōrt that the Normans had landed in England.

Thē intelligēce wās trūe. They had been tossed about bȳ contrary wīnds, and some of their ships had been *wrecked*. A part of their ōwn shōre, to wīch they had been driven back, wās strewn wīth Norman bodiēs. But they had oncē mōre mādē sail, led bȳ the Dūke's ōwn galley, a prēsēt from hiš wīfe, upon the prow wēreof the figure of a gōlden boy stōd pointīng tōwards England. Bȳ day, the banner of the three Līons of Normandy, the dīverse colored sails, the gilded vānes, the many decorātiōns of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny wāter; bȳ nīght, a līght had spärkled like a stār at her mast-head. And now, encamped near Hāstīngs, wīth their leader lȳīng in thē ōld Rōman castle of Pevensey, thē English retīrīng in äll directions, the land for mīles around scorched and smōkīng, fīred and pillaged, wās the *whōle* Norman pow-er, hōpēfūl and strōng, on English ground.

Harold brōke up the feast and hurried to London. Wīthin a wēek, hiš ärmý wās ready. Hē sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strēngth. William took them, caused them to bē led throùgh hiš *whōle*



camp, and then dismissed. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip, as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers!"

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us, through their pillaged country, with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon!" said Duke William.

Some proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst the Royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones. Beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe.

On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot-



sōldiers, horsemen—wās the Norman fōrce. Of a sudden, a greāt battle-crȳ, “God help us!” burst from the Norman lines. Thē English answered wīth their ōwn battle-crȳ, “God’s Rood! Hōly Rood!” The Normans then cāme sŵeeping down the hill to attack thē English.

There wās one tāll Norman *knīght*, who rōde before the Norman ārmȳ on a prancing horse, thrōwing up his heavy *swōrd* and catching it, and singing of the brāvery of his countrymen. An English *knīght*, who rōde out from thē English fōrce to meet him, fell bȳ this *knīght*’s hand. Another English *knīght* rōde out, and hē fell too. But then a thīrd rōde out, and killed the Norman. This wās in the first beginning of the fight. It soon rāged everywēre.

Thē English, keeping side bȳ side in a greāt mass, cāred nō mōre for the show-ers of Norman arrōws than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rōde against them, wīth their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gāve wāy. Thē English pressed forwārd. A crȳ went fōrth among the Norman troops that Dūke William wās killed. Dūke William took off his helmet, in order that his fāce might bē distinctly seen, and rōde along the line before his men. This gāve them courage. As they turned again to fāce thē English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursūing body of thē English from the rest, and thus āll that fōremōs pōrtion of the English ārmȳ fell, fighting brāvelȳ. The main



body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees. Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks around their King. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces!"

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the Royal banner from the English knights and soldiers still faithfully collected round their blinded King. The King received a mortal wound and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were



carousing within—and sōldiers with torches, gōing slōwly to and frō without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead—and the Wārrior, worked in gōlden thread and precious stōnes, lay lōw, āll torn and soiled with blood, and the three Norman Līons kept wāch ōver the fiēld !

---

### 30.—THE PEAR-TREE IN THE COURT.

A Peār-tree stood in a narrōw cōurt. It wās hemmed in āll round bȳ hīgh brick houses, and the skȳ to which it looked up wās dārkened bȳ the smōke of the greāt city. The houses in this cōurt wēre āll black with āge. They had ōnce, in ōlden days, been grand mansions, inhabited bȳ nōbles; but now their greātness wās passed, and they wēre ōnly lodgīng-houses, tenanted bȳ the poorest class of pēople. Nō one knew how the Peār-tree cāme there. It seemed sadly out of plāce, indeed, for there wās nō tree within sight—from the top of the hīghest garret windōw yōu cōuld see nothing but roofs of houses and tāll chimney-stālks, as far as thē eye cōuld reach. Certainly the poor lōne tree wās strāngely out of plāce !

It wās thē end of May, and in the country the trees wēre ālready gārbed in their brīght spring dress, and the bīrds which thrōged their branches sung flattering little sōngs to them. But it wās very different in the city. There wās nothing in the little dārک cōurt to betōken spring; the very breezes that



swept over country fields, awakening the daisies and buttercups with their brisk kisses and pleasant whispers of summer-time, grew so loaded with smoke and foulness as they passed over the city, that they told no tale to the Pear-tree, who still remained wrapt up in his heavy winter sleep, giving no heed to them as they shook hands in passing, with his bare sooty twigs. But the next day the sun shone out so bright and warm that one of the beams pierced right through the thick cloud of smoke, and lighted on the poor black tree. The dirt and impurity of the city air could not dim or injure it; and it wandered among the rough naked branches, touching and brightening each twig as it passed, till at last it spoke to the heart of the tree itself, and said that winter was over, and spring was come, and that it was time for the leaflets to peep forth; for in the country the trees were already green, and the birds were beginning to build in them. So the tree awoke from his slumber at the voice of the sunbeam, and his leafbuds began to swell and widen, and at last to burst their covering, and to show their delicate green. The sunbeam came nearly every day, if only for a few minutes, to see how the leaflets got on; and the poor tree welcomed its appearance as well as he could, by turning all his young budding leaves towards it, and making a joyful rustling with its branches.

The children in the court were well pleased to see the tree grow green: but he himself could well have



spāred their attentions; for they flung stōnes at him to bring down the young leaves, and the bigger boys climbed up, breaking off and carrying down large twigs and branches. For some time the pear-tree bore this rough treatment very pātiently; but at length, tired out, hē let one of his branches snap under the weight of the boldest thiēf, and landed him on a pile of old cārpeting which had been brought to bē shāken in the cōurt. This put a check for some time to their depredations; and when the boy wās āble to head them again, some new gāme had been set on foot, and the tree wās left in peace.

The sunbeam did not visit the pear-tree alōne, in this old dārk cōurt: it went past him to a little window on thē opposite side, on a level with some of his higher branches. A white curtain hung before this window āll nīght; but early every morning it wās drawn asīde to admit the sunbeam, which seldom cāme after the smōke had risen up, and shut out the blue skȳ. Then the tree saw that a smāll bed wās stretched before the window, on which lay a little deformed boy. Hē looked very weak and ill, and his thin fāce wās nearly as white as the pillow on which hē rested, but his blue eyes were brīght as well as soft, and the smile with which hē greeted a widōw woman who stood beside him wās in itself a very sunbeam. Shē wās his mother, as nō one could doubt who saw how tenderly shē arranged his bed and smoothed down his hair. 'Look at the tree, mother!' said the little boy, 'how green it is, how



beaūtiful; how glad I am wē cāme to live hēre, where wē can ālwāys see such a beaūtiful thiŋg!’ The poor wōman looked out on the tree and smiled, and said it wās very pretty, and then shē turned āway and busied herself in getting his breakfast, that hē might not see the tears which cāme to her ēyes at the thought of the great pēar-tree that stood before her fāther’s cottage in the country, An ōld rush-bottomed chair bȳ his bedside served as a tāble to hōld the piēces of drȳ bread and the cup of milk and wāter, which wās āll the prōviŝion shē could leave him for the day; for her wōrk lasted till ēvening, and shē wās not āble to steal ēven hālf an hour to return to her poor helpless boy. The little room wās soon māde neat; then after ōpening the windōw to let in the morning air, and giving the last finishing touches to thē arrangements of his bed, shē pūt on her bonnet and shawl, and with a fārewell kiss to her boy, shē left the room as the church clock struck six.

All this the pear-tree nōted throūgh thē ōpen windōw, and hē wās grēatly pleased at the fixed admirātion with which the little cripple lay regārding Lim; sō hē stretched out his branches as far as possible, till one of them touched the windōw, and spread out āll his leaves in the sunlight, and let them dance and wāve in every breeze that passed, till the little fellow clapped his thin hands, and laughed with pleasure.

On thē oppōsite side of the cōurt there hung a



gōldfinch in a cāge. Shē had ōnly come thēre lātely, and wās considered of rāthēr a proud disposition; at least thē magpie next dōor cōuld not draw her into conversātion, and thē cock and thrē dusty hens, whō held possēssion of thē pāvemēt and gutter, had set her down from thē first as an extrēmely ill-mannered bīrd, whō wōuld not ēven crōw or cackle ōnce in acknowledgēt of thēir offērs of sōciability. To-day, howēver, thē gōldfinch, bēing ēithēr tired of silēnce, or attractēd bȳ thē increasēing fōliagē, enterēd of her ōwn accord into conversātion wīth thē pear-tree.

"How can yōu stand thīs dīsmal lifē wīthōut bēing bōrēd to death?" shē began, wīth a quērūlous chirp; "I havē ōnly bēēn hēre a wēek, and fēel sinkēng under it ālready; such an exīstēncē is insuppōrtablē! Whȳ in thē wōrld dō yōu tākē sō much trōublē in dressēng yōursēlf out wīth āll thēsē lēavēs whēn thērē is nō ōnē to lōok at yōu?"

"I nēvēr thought abōut anyōnē lōoking at mē," answerēd thē trē, simply.

"Ah! poor thīng!" ejaculātēd thē gōldfinch, settlēng hērsēlf on hēr perch wīth an air of consciōus sūpēriority; "livēng in thīs dīsmal narrōw sphēre, nō wōndēr yōūr nōtiōns arē sadly cramped! I dāresay nōw yōu havē nō idēa whāt thē cōuntry is likē, or ēvēn whāt a gārdēn is, or an orchard?"

The pear-tree fēlt vērȳ humblēd and abashēd, and confēssēd hīs ignōrāncē wīth a crestfāllēn air. "Is it possiblē!" exclaimēd hīs quēstionēr, in a tōnē of contemptūōus surprīse; "hōw yōūr lifē has bēēn



thrown away to bē sūre ! Ah ! yōū shoūld ōnly see thē orchards and gārdenſ I have seen ! In fact, yōū ought to bē growiſg in one now, w̄here yōū wōūld bē properly admired and apprēciated ; hēre yōū are qūite out of yōūr sphēre, w̄hich iſ the grēateſt pity, becauſe yōū rēally are a very fine tree ; if yōū had ōnly proper cāre and attention, I shoūld ſay yōū might become qūite a ſplendid one. What a thouſand pitieſ it iſ that yōū wēre planted in ſuch an out of the way nook ! ”

“ I didn’t plant m̄yſelf hēre, I aſſūre yōū,” interrupted the tree, ſulkily, ruffling up hiſ leaveſ, and feeliſg mōre diſcontented w̄ith hiſ poſition than hē had ever done befōre.

“ I built m̄y neſt in a peār-tree laſt yēar,” continued the gōldfinch ; “ it ſtoōd in the centre of a ſmooth green lawn befōre a gentleman’s houſe. It wāſ not a bit finer than yōū wōūld bē if yōū had the ſāme advantageſ ; but, dear mē ! w̄hat a fuſſ there wāſ māde about it ! Nō othēr tree wāſ allowed to grōw near it, and the graſſ wāſ kept ſō ſmooth and fine āll round, and ſeatſ wēre plāced under iſ ſhāde āll the ſummer ; and w̄henever any viſitorſ cāme to cāl at the houſe w̄hile it wāſ in flower, they wēre ālwayſ brought to the w̄indōw to loōk at it. I declāre I ālmōſt wonder I wāſ allowed to build m̄y neſt there ; and then, w̄hen the frūit wāſ rīpe, yōū cān’t imagine w̄hat compliments that tree got ! Well, wēll, that ſhōwſ how thiſgſ gō in thiſ life ! I dāreſay nōbody giveſ *you* any praiſe for yōūr frūit or flowerſ either ! ”



At this mōment it began to rain, and the little girl to whom the gōldfinch belonged fetched the cāge in-dōors. The pear-tree stood meanwhile in a very bad temper, catching as much rain as hē could on his fresh leaves, which were not improved by the black mōtes that descended with every drop, and meditating with increasing discontent on the gōldfinch's conversātion. "Shē is quīte rīght; I am entirely out of m̄y element," said hē, swīngīng his boughs angrily to and frō; "I am plāced hēre mōst unjustly, and am doomed to wāste m̄y life among uncongēnial spirits who cannot apprēciāte m̄y beauty or comprehend m̄y meaning. M̄y rīght pōsition is, of cōurse, on a smooth lawn before a gentleman's house. I have ālways felt vāgue aspirātions within mē, which seemed to intimāte that I wās intended for some nōbler sphere; but now m̄y rīghtful destiny stands clearly revealed before mē. Wretched tree that I am, to bē fast rooted to this hāteful spot, when I am quīte as well fitted to adorn a distinguished pōsition as the pear-tree of whose happiness I have just heard! What rīght has hē to bē there mōre than I have? I cōuld hāte him for it!"

In thēse unāmiable mūşīngs the pear-tree passed the rest of the day, and, indeed, many follōwīng ones; for, whenever the gōldfinch wās hung out of dōors, shē managed to māke him thoroughly discontented by the comparisons shē drew between his condition and that of the tree in which shē had built her nest last summer. The pear-tree grew



listless and apathetic in consequence of this continued discontent; hē nō longer held out his leaves to catch the rain, or hung them up to flutter in the breeze and sunshine; but, for the mōst part, left his branches and flowers to prōgress much as they liked, while hē stood brooding over the perversity of his fāte. The branch, however, which hung near the sick boy's window still turned and grew tōwards it, attracted by the sunbeam which hovered longer and longer every day over his bed; and the tree who in the midst of all his ill-temper yet felt a lingering interest in the child, still gāve a little attention to that bough, tried to turn it into a mōre grāceful shāpe, and even suffered a few white clusters of flowers to appear on the branch which pressed against the little window; and, when it was open, māde its way in, and drooped over the little boy's bed. On all the other boughs, however, nō flowers were to bē seen; for hē thought them now too valūable to bē thrōwn away upon those sō incāpable of apprēciating their beauty.

The sunbeam observed the ālteration in the aspect of the pear-tree, and overheard some remarks from the goldfinch which left nō doubt as to the reason; and it tried to remove the gloom, first by light and playful caresses, and at last by grāve remonstrance, but without effect.

"You do ill credit to my visits," said the sunbeam one bright morning, when even the city sky looked clear and blue, as it sat on the clustering leaves and flowers of the branch above the child's head; "you



dōn't rustle yōur leaves, or toss yōur branches or seem hālf sō glad to see mē as yōû did last month, when I did not come sō often."

"I'm sūre I'm âlways very glad to see yōû," replied the peār-tree, feeling rather ashāmed of himself; "but rēally this cōurt is sō very retīred and dull that it is qūite impossible to keep up one's spirits, and I'm sūre I dōn't *knōw* the ūse of mākīng sō much exertion when there is nō one to heed it. I might as well wīther āway at once for any nōtice I get hēre!"

"I dāresay yōû do feel lōnely sometīmes," said the sunbeam pleasantly; "and, of cōurse, if yōû wēre mādē mērely to bē looked at and admīred, yōû wōuld bē qūite thrōwn āway in this corner; but it seems to mē that wē are āll pūt into the wōrld for some object or othēr, which wē shoūld trȳ and carry out. Depend upon it, there is something for yōû to do in this narrōw little cōurt, or yōû wōuld not bē plāced hēre; and I think yōû wōuld spend yōur time much mōre wīsely in fīndīng out what it is than in mōpīng in the discontented wāy yōû have done lātely."

"That is exāctly what I complain of," exclaimed the tree; "I have nō scōpe for ūsefulness; I have nō inflūence, rooted hēre as I am. If I stoōd on a green lawn, in front of a gentleman's house, now, I might bē of some ūse; for the bīrds wōuld build their nests in mē; but hēre there are nō bīrds: sō how can I possibly do any gōod?"



"There are other ways of bēing ūseful besides hōlding bīrd's nests," returned the sunbeam, hovering gently ōver the clōsed ēyelids of the boy, *who* had fāllen asleep wīth a cluster of the w̄hite flowers in his hand; tr̄y and bē contented wīth yōur pōsition, and yōu wīll find other ways of doing good if yōu seek them; never fear." Sō saying, the sunbeam flitted āway, and the pēār-tree wās sinking into deep meditātion upon its pārting counsel, w̄hen the gōld-fin̄ch roused him b̄y an animāted description of a pārt̄y held last summer under the pēār-tree on the lawn, and sō vexed him b̄y the comparīson w̄hich shē drew at the conclūsiōn, thāt hē rūdely pūlled the branch from the sleeper's grasp, and remained moody for the rest of the day.

Dūring āll this time nothing cōuld exceed the little cripple's delight in wātching the tree; the long hours of his mōther's absence wēre now lightened of hālf their weariness b̄y thē interest hē tōok in wātching thē ever-moving leaves and branches; hē spōke of it in his very dreams, and his mōther began ālmōst to feel as if shē had left a companion wīth him, sō wārmly had hē learnt to love this same discontented pēār-tree, *who* complained thāt "nō one apprēciāted him!"

"Isn't it lovely, mōther?" hē exclaimed one morn- ing as shē ōpened the windōw, and the long branch swēpt in, its snōwy flowers still glistening wīth freshly fāllen rain-drops; "I think God wās very good to pūt it hēre, mōther—it seems quīte out of



plāce hēre, a fīne tree in a dārk little cōurt; and yet I think sometīmes (I hōpe I'm not wīcked to say sō) thāt perhaps Hē pūt it hēre to teach mē some gōōd lessōns."

"What does it teach yōū, dear?" said hīs mōther.

"Whȳ, sometīmes I ūsed to thīnk, mōther, thāt it wōūld have been sō much better if I had been strōng and healthy to help yōū, and do some gōōd in the wōrld, instead of lȳīng helpless yēar after yēar a burden to yōū and mȳself; but wēn I saw thīs fīne tree grōwīng hēre, of nō seemīng ūse, and yet pūtting fōrth its leaves and stretchīng out its branches, I thought, perhaps, it wās to teach mē thāt in whatever position God pūts us, wē ought to bē cheerfūl and māke the best of it, instead of grīevīng thāt it is not better. Then, again, sometīmes I ūsed to fear thāt the grēat God wōūld not cāre for a poor little cripple like mē; but now, wēn Hē not ōnly gīves mē āll I wānt, but sends mē such pleasūre from thīs beaūtīfūl tree, how can I doubt Him any mōre? It's like a friend to mē, mōther, thīs tree is," hē continued brīghtly; "sometīmes I ālmōst fancy it tālks to mē in a wāy; wēn I am in pain, or very lōw and wēary, it begīns to dance and wāve its leaves in the sunshīne, till I qūite forget mȳself in wātchīng them; and then, wēn I feel sleepȳ and shut mȳ ēyes, I knōw thīs beaūtīfūl branch is bendīng ōver mē, and I never have bad dreams, or wāke up frīghtened as I did befōre; for it seems a sort of prōtection somehow. Even wēn I lie āwāke at nīght I hear the twīgs



tapping at the window, and you can't think what company it is! I dream so often now, too—I suppose it's because of the leaves, and the wind rustling through them—'of the green pastures and still waters' that you read to me about in the Bible. Mother, I think I shall go there before very long!"

"Hush, hush, my darling; you'll break my heart if you say so!" cried his mother, in great distress. "I've got nobody in the world but you, and what should I do without you? You don't feel worse to-day, that you say so, dear?" she added, looking at him with a new fear in her face.

"Not at all," he answered cheerfully; "I've no pain to-day, only I'm rather sleepy. But I've got it in my mind to tell you one thing more, mother, that I've learnt from the tree, and which has comforted me most of all;—don't mind my saying it now, please, because afterwards you'll like to know I thought of it. I've often wondered to myself," he continued, taking her hand, and gazing earnestly into her troubled countenance, "what you would do when I'm gone; because, though I'm so helpless, I belong to you, mother, and I know how you love me; but since I have seen how God watches over this tree, though it stands all alone, without one of its kind near it, and never suffers it to droop or pine, I've felt much happier about you mother."

\* \* \* \*

The poor widow shed tears, and their bitterness surprised herself, as she hurried along the already



busy streets to her early lābour; for her boy looked brighter than ūsual this morning, and shē had seen him settle himself comfortably for sleep before shē left him; and ālthōugh his wārning words sent a pang throūgh her heārt, shē clung to the beliēf that hē wōuld yet linger long with her—the one feeble trembling star in the dārkened skȳ of her life.

\* \* \* \*

The branch wās still sweeping his bed with its delicate blossoms, and the sunbeam yet hovered over him when the boy awōke; but a change had passed over himself; the forebōdings of the morning were accomplished—the mōment of dismissal wās near at hand.

Cālmly and peacefully it cāme; nō struggle mārked the severance of sōul and body; and his mother's absence wās unmarked by the dȳing child, whose mīnd wāndered āway from visīble objects to the train of white-rōbed āngels which pēopled the solitūde of his chāmber, and recēived his pārting spirit. A few unconnected words that passed his lips were of the green branches that then wāved around him; and after the spirit had fled, his hand still held a cluster of the snōwy flowers hē had loved sō well in life. Shall wē say that the pēar-tree grew in that little cōurt by accidēt?

F. S. H.



THE  
PHONIC READING BOOK.

---

PART II.—IN VERSE.

---

31.—THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

When the leaves had forsaken the trees,  
And the forests were chilly and bare;  
When the brooks were beginning to freeze,  
And the snow wavered fast through the air;  
A robin had fled from the wood  
To the snug habitation of man;  
On the threshold the wanderer stood,  
And thus his petition began:—

“The snow's coming down very fast,  
No shelter is found on the tree;  
When you hear the unpitying blast,  
I pray you take pity on me.

“The hips and the haws are all gone,  
I can find neither berry nor sloe;  
The ground is as hard as a stone,  
And I'm almost buried in snow.

G



- “ M̄ dear little nest, once s̄ neat,  
 Is now empty, and raggēd, and tōrn ;  
 On some tree shoūld I now t̄ake m̄ seat,  
 I’d bē frōzen quīte fast befōre morn.
- “ Oh, thrōw mē a morsel of bread,  
 T̄ake mē in b̄y t̄he sīde of t̄he fire ;  
 And w̄hen I am w̄armēd and fed,  
 I’ll whistle wīthout ōther hire.
- “ Till t̄he sun bē again shīnīng brīght,  
 And t̄he snōw is āll gone, let mē stay ;  
 Oh, see w̄hat a terrible nīght !  
 I shall die if yōū drive mē āway.
- “ And w̄hen yōū come fōrth in t̄he morn,  
 And are t̄alkīng and w̄alkīng around ;  
 Oh, how wīll yōūr bōsom bē tōrn,  
 When yōū see mē lie dead on t̄he ground !
- “ Then pity a poor little thīng,  
 And thrōw mē a p̄art of yōūr stōre ;  
 I’ll fl̄y off on t̄he comīng of sprīng,  
 And never wīll trouble yōū mōre.”
- 

### 32.—THE BLIND BOY.

- “ Dear M̄ary,” said t̄he poor blīnd boy,  
 “ That little bīrd sīngs v̄ery loūg ;  
 Say, do yōū see him in hīs joy ;  
 Is hē ās pretty ās hīs song ? ”



“Yes, Edward, yes,” replied the maid,  
 I see the bird on yonder tree;”  
 The poor boy sighed and gently said,  
 “Sister, I wish that I could see.

“The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
 And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
 And pretty birds are singing there—  
 How beautiful for one who sees!

“Yet, I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
 And I can feel the green leaf’s shade,  
 And I can hear the notes that swell  
 From those dear birds that God has made.

“Sō, sister, God to mē is kind,  
 Though sight to mē Hē has not given;  
 But tell mē, are there any blind  
 Among the children up in heaven?”

Ere long, disease its hand had laid  
 On that dear boy, sō meek and mild:  
 His widowed mother wept, and prayed  
 That God would spare her sightless child.

Hē felt her warm tears on his face,  
 And said, “Oh, never weep for mē;  
 I’m going to a bright, bright place,  
 Where God my Saviour I shall see.

“And you’ll be there, kind Māry, too;  
 But, mother, when you do come therē,



Tell mē, dear mother, that 'tis yōu :  
Yōu knōw I never saw yōu hēre."

Hē spōke nō mōre, but sēetly smīled,  
Until the final blōw wās given,  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened first his ēyes in heaven.

### 33.—MY MOTHER.

1. Who fed mē from her gentle breast, and hushed mē in her ārms to rest, and on m̄ cheek sēet kisses pressed? M̄ Mother. 2. When sleep forsook m̄ open ēye, who wās it sunḡ sēet lullab̄, and rocked mē that I shoūld not cr̄? M̄ Mother. 3. Who sat and wātched m̄ infant head, when sleeping in m̄ cradle bed, and tears of sēet affection shed? M̄ Mother. 4. When pain and sickness māde mē cr̄, who gāzed upon m̄ heavy ēye, and wēpt for fear that I shoūld die? M̄ Mother. 5. Who ran to help mē when I fell, and wōūld some pretty stōry tell, or kiss the pārt to māke it wēll? M̄ Mother. 6. Who taught m̄ infant lips to pray, to love God's hōly wōrd and day, and wālk in Wiṣdom's pleasānt wāy? M̄ Mother. 7. And can I ever cease to bē affectionate and kīnd to thee, who wāst sō very kīnd to mē, M̄ Mother? 8. Oh! nō, the thought I cannot beār, and, if God please m̄ life to spāre, I hōpe I shall rewārd thy cāre, M̄ Mother.



## 34.—PRIDE AND THE POPPIES.

“ Wē little Red-caps are among̃ the corn,  
 Merrily dancīng at early morn;  
 They say the fārmer dislikes to see  
 Our saucy red fāces; but hēre are wē !

“ Wē pay nō prīce for our summer coats,  
 Like thōse slāvish creatūres, bārley and oats;  
 Wē do not chooße to bē ground and eat,  
 Like our heavy-head neighbour, Gaffer Wheat.

“ And *who'd* thrash us, wē shoūld like to *knōw* ?  
 Grīnd us and bag us and ūse us sō ?  
 Let meaner and shabbiēr things̃ than wē  
 Sō stūpidly bend to ūtility ! ”

Sō said little Red-cap, and āll the rout  
 Of the Poppy-clan set up a mīghty shout;  
 Mīghty for them, but if yōu had heard,  
 Yōu had thought it the cry of a tiny bīrd.

Sō the Poppy-fōlk flaunted it ōver the fiēld,  
 In prīde of grandeur they nodded and reeled;  
 And shōok out their jackets till nought wās seen  
 But a wīde, wīde shimmer of scārlet and green.

The Blue-bottle sat on her downy stālk,  
 Qüiētly smīlīng at āll their tāk;  
 The Marigōld still spread her rays to the sun,  
 And the purple Vetch climbed up to loōk at the fun.



The hōmely Corn-cockle cāred nothīng, not shē,  
 For thē arrogānce, bluster, and poor vanity  
 Of the proud Poppy-trībe, but shē flourished and grew,  
 Content wīth herself and her plain purple hue.

The sun went down, and rōse brīght on the morrōw,  
 To some brīngīng joy, and to others e'en sorrōw,  
 But blīthe wās the rich rōsy fārmer that morn,  
 When hē went wīth hīs reapers among the corn.

Hē trotted alonġ, and hē cracked hīs jōke,  
 And chatted and laughed wīth the hārvest fōlk :  
 For the wēather wās settled, barometers hīgh,  
 And hēavy crops gladdened hīs practised eye.

"Wē'll cut thīs bārley to-day," quōth hē,  
 As hē tied hīs wīte pōny under a tree ;  
 "Next thē upland w̄heat, and then thē oats."  
 How the Poppies shōok in their scārlet coats !

But shōok wīth laughter, not fear, for they  
 Never dreamed they too shōuld bē swēpt āway ;  
 And their laughter wās spīte, to think that āll  
 Their "ūsefūl" neīghbours wēre doomed to fāll.

They swēlled and bustled wīth such an air,  
 The corn-fiēlds quīte in commōtion wēre,  
 And the fārmer cried, glāncīng across the grain,  
 "How thēse profitless wēeds have come up again !"

"Hā, hā!" laughed the Red-caps, "hā, hā! what a fuss  
 They're making abōt hīs in ! how they're envyīng us."



But their mîrth wæs cut short by the sturdy strōkes  
They speedily met from the hārvest fōlks.

And when lōw on earth each stem wæs laid,  
And the round moon looked on the havoc māde,  
A Blue-bottle propped herself hālf erect,  
And māde a short speech—to this effect:—

“Mȳ dȳing kins-flowers and fainting friends,  
The sāmē dīre fāte alike attends  
Thōse who in scārlēt and blue are dressed;  
And how silly the pride that sō lāte possessed

“Our friends the Red-caps! How lōw they lie,  
Who wēre lātely sō pert, and vain, and hīgh!  
They sneered at us and our plain array;  
Are wē now a whit mōre humble than they?

“They scorned our neighbours; the goōdly corn  
Wæs the butt of their merriment ēve and morn;  
They lived on its land, on its bounty fed,  
But a wōrd of thanks they never have said.

“And which is the wōrthiēst, now, I pray?  
Have yē not learnt enough to-day?  
Is not the corn sheafed up with cāre,  
And are not the Poppies left dȳing there?

“The corn will bē carried and gārner’d up,  
To gladden man’s heārt bōth with loaf and cup;  
And some of the seed the land now yiēlds  
Will bē brought again to its nātive fiēlds;



“And grōw and rīpen and wāve next year,  
 Aş richly aş this hath rīpen’d hēre;  
 And wē, poor weeds, thōugh heeded not,  
 Perchance may spring up on this very spot.

“But let us bē thankful and humble too,  
 Not proud and vain of a gaudy hūe;  
 Ever remembering, thōugh meanly drest,  
 That USEFULNESS is of all gifts the best.”

### 35.—THE USE OF FLOWERS.

1. God might have mādē thē earth bring fōrth enough for grēat and smāll; the oak-tree and the cēdar-tree, wīthout a flower at all. 2. Wē might have had enough, enough, for every wānt of ours, for luxūry, medicīne, and toil, and yet have had nō flowers. 3. Thē ore wīthin the mountain mīne requīreth none to grōw, nor doth it need the lōtus flower to mākē the river flōw. 4. The clouds might give abundant rain, the nīghtly dewş might fāll, and the herb that keepeth life in man might yet have drunk them all. 5. Then whērefōre whērefōre, wēre they mādē, all dēyed wīth rainbōw light, all fashioned wīth sūprēmest grāce, up-springīng day and nīght. 6. Springīng in valleyş green and lōw, and on the mountains hīgh, and in the silent wilderness, whēre nō man passēş bī. 7. Our outwārd life requīreş them not, then whērefōre had they bīrth? To minister



delight to man, to beautify the earth. 8. To comfort man, to whisper hope whenever his faith is dim; for who so careth for the flowers will much more care for him.

---

### 36.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

“Will you walk into my parlour?”

Said the Spider to the Fly,

“Tis the prettiest little parlour

That ever you did spy;

The way into my parlour

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there.”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,

“To ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear,

With soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?”

Said the Spider to the Fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around,

The sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile,

I’ll snugly tuck you in!”



"Oh nō, nō," said the little Fly,  
 "For I've often heard it said,  
 They never, never, wāke again,  
 Who sleep upon yōür bed!"

Said the cunning Spīder to the Fly,  
 "Dear friend, what can I do,  
 To prove the wārm affection  
 I have ālwāys felt for yōu?  
 I have wīthin mȳ pantry  
 Gōd stōre of āll that's nice;  
 I'm sūre yōu're very wēlcome—  
 Will yōu please to tāke a slice?"

"Oh nō, nō," said the little Fly,  
 "Kind sīr, that cannot bē,  
 I've heard what's in yōür pantry,  
 And I do not wish to see!"  
 "Sweet creature!" said the Spīder,  
 "Yōu're witty and yōu're wīse,  
 How handsome are yōür gauzy wings,  
 How brilliant are yōür eȳes.

I have a little lōoking-glass  
 Upon mȳ pārlor shelf;  
 If yōu'll step in one mōment, dear,  
 Yōu shall behōld yōürself."  
 "I thank yōu, gentle sīr," shē said,  
 "For what yōu're pleased to say,  
 And bidding yōu gōd mōrning now,  
 I'll cāll ānōther day."



The Spīder turned him round about,  
 And went into his den,  
 For well hē knew the silly Flȳ!  
 Would soon come back again :  
 Sō hē wōve a subtle web,  
 In a little corner slȳ,  
 And set his tāble ready,  
 To dīne upon the Flȳ.

Then hē cāme to his dōor again,  
 And merrily did sing,  
 “Come hīther, hīther, pretty Flȳ,  
 With the pearl and silver wīng;  
 Yoŭr rōbes are green and purple,  
 There’s a crest upon yoŭr head;  
 Yoŭr eȳes are like the diamond brīght,  
 But mīne are dull as lead !”

Alas, alas ! how very soon  
 This silly little Flȳ,  
 Hearing his wīly, flattering wōrds,  
 Cāme slōwly flitting bȳ;  
 With buzzing wīngs shē hung aloft,  
 Then near and nearer drew,  
 Thinking ōnly of her brilliant eȳes,  
 And green and purple hue.

Thinking ōnly of her crested head—  
 Poor foolish thing ! at last,  
 Up jumped the cunning Spīder,  
 And fiērcely held her fast.



Hē dragged her up hiș wīndīng stair,  
 Into hiș dișmal den,  
 Within hiș little pārlour—but  
 Shē ne'er cāme out again !

And now, dear little children,  
 Who may thiș stōry read,  
 To id̄le, silly, flattering wōrds,  
 I pray yōu ne'er gīve heed :  
 Unto an ēvil counsellor  
 Clōse hēärt and ear and ēye,  
 And tākē a lesson from thiș tāle  
 Of the Spīder and the Flȳ.

---

### 37.—THE SELF-WILLED-PIG.

Th̄ere wēre six little pigș aș I've heard pēople say,  
 Th̄at wēth within their mōther a wālking one day ;  
 Th̄e sun shone sō brīght, and th̄ē air wāș sō free,  
 Th̄ey āll mīght have been happy aș happy cōuld bē ;

And sō th̄ey āll wēre, ex̄cept one little brōther,  
 Who thought himself wīșe, poor thiņg, th̄an hiș  
 mōther,  
 Yet āll th̄e day lōng nought but nonsense did chatter,  
 And w̄hen shē reproved him, squēaled, " What doeș  
 it matter ? "

Aș th̄ey wēnt on th̄eir wāy a mastiff cāme bȳ,  
 Enjoyīng th̄e sunshīne and cheerfūl blūe skȳ,



And the little Pig whispered, "Come, let us all tease him;

To grunt in his face will be sure to displease him."

So without more ado he scampered away

To grunt close by the dog, but 'twas an unlucky day,  
For the dog thus provoked turning round in a breath,  
Tore one of his ears and nigh shook him to death.

Said his mother, "All this I bade you beware of,  
For e'en your own ears you cannot take care of,  
And still you won't hear good advice from another:  
Least of all from me, your poor ignorant mother!"

From pain all this time he was crying and screaming,  
And all down his cheeks the salt tears were fast  
streaming;

But more sadly he grieved as he cast his eyes round  
And saw all his brothers with ears safe and sound.

You will think after this he was prudent and wise,  
And did as his mother was pleased to advise;  
You will think that he now his bad ways would  
forsake,

But this, I regret, would be quite a mistake:

For still he was naughty as naughty could be,  
And as often he suffered, then sorry was he;  
But as soon as he fairly was rid of the pain  
He forgot all about it and did wrong again.

It happened one day, as the other pigs tell,  
In the course of their walk they drew near to a well,



Sō wide and sō deep wið sō smooθ a wāll round,  
 That a pig tumblinġ in wās sūre to bē drowned.

But the perverse little brōther, foolish as ever,  
 Still boastinġ himself very cunningġ and clever,  
 Now māde up hiş mīnd, that whatever befel,  
 Hē wōuld run on befōre and jump ōver the well.

Then away hē ran off to one side of the well,  
 Climbed up on the wāll, slipped, and headlonġ hē fell;  
 And now from the bottom hiş pitiful shout  
 Was, "Oh, mōther, I'm in and pray *do* help mē out!"

Shē ran to the side wēn shē heard hiş complaint,  
 And shē saw him strugglinġ, weak and faint,  
 Yet nō help cōuld shē give! but "M̄y children,"  
 cried shē,

"How often I've feared a sad end hiş wōuld bē!"

"Oh, mōther; dear mōther!" the drowninġ pig cried,  
 "I see āll this comēs of m̄y folly and prīde!"

Hē cōuld not speak mōre, but hē sank down and died,  
 Whīlst hiş mōther and brōthers wēpt round the  
 well-sīde!

### 38.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It wās a summer ēveninġ,  
 Old Kaspar's wōrk wās done,  
 And hē befōre hiş cottāge dōor  
 Wās sittinġ in the sun;  
 And b̄y him spōrted on the green  
 Hiş little grandchild, Wilhelmine.



Shē saw her broþher Pēterkin  
 Rōll something lārge and round,  
 Which hē beside the rivulet  
 In playiṅg there had found ;  
 Hē cāme to ask w̄hat hē had found  
 That wās sō lārge, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant bȳ ;  
 And then thē ōld man shook his head,  
 And heaved a natūral sīgh ;  
 “Tiš some poor fellōw’s skull,” said hē,  
 “ Who fell in the greāt victory.

“I find them in the gārden,  
 For there’s many hēre about ;  
 And often when I gō to plough,  
 The ploughshāre turns them out :  
 For many thousand men,” said hē,  
 “ Were slain in that greāt victory.”

“ Now tell us w̄hat ’twas āll about,”  
 Young Pēterkin, hē cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up,  
 With wonder-waitiṅg ēyes ;  
 “ Now tell us āll about the wār,  
 And w̄hat they killed each other for.”

“ It wās thē English,” Kaspar cried,  
 “ Who pūt the French to rout ;



- But what they killed each other for  
 I could not well make out:  
 But everybody said," quoth he,  
 "That 'twas a famous victory.
- "My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by;  
 They burnt his cottage to the ground,  
 And he was forced to fly:  
 So with his wife and child he fled.  
 Nor had he where to lay his head.
- "With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a tender mother then,  
 And new-born baby died:  
 But things like that, you know must be  
 At every famous victory.
- "They say it was a shocking sight  
 After the field was won,  
 For many a thousand bodies there  
 Lay rotting in the sun;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.
- "Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,  
 And our good prince Eugene."  
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
 Said little Wilhelmine,  
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,  
 "It was a famous victory.



" And everybody praised the Dūke  
 Who this great fight did win."—  
 " But what good came of it at last ? "  
 Quoth little Pēterkin.—  
 " Wh̄y that I cannot tell," said hē,  
 " But 'twās a *famous victory*."

---

### 39.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

1. Tell mē not, in mōurnfūl numbers, life is but  
 an empty dream ; for the sōul is dead that slumbers,  
 and things are not what they seem. 2. Life is rēal !  
 life is earnest ! and the grāve is not the gōal ; dust  
 thou ärt, to dust returnest, wās not spōken of the  
 sōul. 3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrōw, is our  
 destined end or wāy ; but to act, that each to-morrōw  
 find us fārther than to-day. 4. Art is long, and tīme  
 is fleetīng, and our heārts, though stout and brāve,...  
 still, like muffled drums, are beating, fūneral mārches  
 to the grāve. 5. In the wōrld's broad fiēld of battle,  
 in the bivouac of life,...bē not like dumb, driven cattle,  
 bē a hērō in the strife. 6. Trust nō fūtūre, howe'er  
 pleasānt ; let the dead past bury its dead ; act, act  
 in the living present ; heart wīthin, and God o'erhead.  
 7. Līves of great men āll remind us wē can mākē  
 our līves sublīme,...and depārtīng leave behind us  
 footprints on the sands of tīme. 8. Footprints, that  
 perhaps anōther, sailīng o'er life's solemn main,...a  
 forlorn and shipwrecked brōther, seeīng, shall tākē

H



heärt again. 9. Let us, then, bē up and doiŋg, wiŋh a heärt for any fāte; still achiēviŋg, still pursuiŋg, learn to lābor and to wait.

---

#### 40.—UP THE AIRY MOUNTAIN.

1. Up thē airy mountain, down thē rushy glen, wē dāren't gō a huntiŋg for fear of little men; wee fōlk, goōd fōlk, troopiŋg āll togethēr; green jacket, red cap, and whīte owl's feather. 2. Down along thē rocky shōre some māke thēir hōme,...they live on crispy pancākes of yellōw tide-foam; some in thē reeds of thē black mountain-lāke, wiŋh frogs for thēir watch-dogs, āll nīght awāke. 3. Hīgh on thē hill-top thē ōld kīŋg sits; hē is now sō ōld and grey, hē's nīgh lost hīs wits; wiŋh a bridge of whīte mist Columbkil hē crosses,...on hīs stātely journey's from Sliēveleague to Rosses; or goiŋg up wiŋh mūsic on cōld stārry nīghts,...to sup wiŋh thē qūeen of thē gay Northern Līghts. 4. They stōle little Bridget for seven yēars lōŋg; wēn shē cāme down again her friends wēre āll gone; they toōk her līghtly back, betwēen thē nīght and morrōw,...they thought thāt shē wās fast asleep, but shē wās dead wiŋh sorrōw; they have kept her ever sīnce deep wīthīn thē lākes,...on a bed of flag-leaves, watchiŋg till shē wākes. 5. Bȳ thē craggy hill-sīde, throūgh thē mosses bāre,...they have planted thorn-trees for pleāsūre hēre and thēre. Is any man sō dāriŋg to dig one up in spīte,...hē shall



find the thornies set in his bed at night. 6. Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen, we daren't go a hunting for fear of little men; wee folk, good folk, trooping all together; green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

---

#### 41.—THE BIRD.

1. Birdie, birdie, will you pet? Summer is far and far away yet; you'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed, and a pillow of satin for your head. 2. "I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall; no rain comes through, though I hear it fall; the sun peeps gay at dawn of day, and I sing, and wing away, away!" 3. O birdie, birdie, won't you pet? we'll buy you a dish of silver fret, a golden cup and an ivory seat, and carpets soft beneath your feet. 4. "Can running water be drunk from gold? can a silver dish the forest hold? a rocking twig is the finest chair, and the softest paths lie through the air; goodbye, goodbye to my lady fair!"

---

#### 42.—THE BROOK

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally,...and sparkle out among the fern, to bicker down a valley. 2. I chatter over stony ways, in little sharps and trebles; I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles. 3. With many a



curve mȳ banks I fret bȳ many a fiēld and fallōw,... and many a fairy fōreland set wīth wīllōw-weed and mallōw. 4. I chatter, chatter, aȝ I flōw to join the brimmiŋg river;...for men may come and men may gō, but I gō on for ever. 5. I wīnd about, and in and out, wīth hēre a blossom sailiŋg,...and hēre and there a lusty trout, and hēre and there a grayliŋg. 6. And hēre and there a foamy flāke upon mē aȝ I travel,... wīth many a silver wāterbreāk above the gōlden gravel. 7. And draw them āll along, and flōw to join the brimmiŋg river;...for men may come and men may gō, but I gō on for ever. 8. I, steal bȳ lawns and grassy plots, I slīde bȳ hazel covers; I move the sweet forget-mē-nots that grōw for happy lovers. 9. I slip, I slīde, I gloom, I glance, among mȳ skimmiŋg swāllōws; I māke the netted sunbeam dance against mȳ sandy shallōws. 10. I murmur under moon and stārs in brambly wildernesses; I linger bȳ mȳ shingly bārs; I loiter round mȳ cresses. 11. And out again I curve and flōw to join the brimmiŋg river;...for men may come and men may gō, but I gō on for ever.

---

### 43.—LUCY GRAY.

1. Oft I had heard of Lūcy Gray; and, when I crossed the wild, I chanced to see at breāk of day, the solitary child. 2. Nō mate, nō comrade Lūcy knew; shē dwelt on a wīde' moor—the sweetest



thing that ever grew beside a human door! 3. You yet may spy the fawn at play, the hare upon the green; but the sweet face of Lucy Gray will never more be seen. 4. "To-night will be a stormy night—you to the town must go, and take a lantern, child, to light your mother through the snow." 5. "That, father, will I gladly do: 'tis scarcely afternoon—the minster clock has just struck two, and yonder is the moon." 6. At this the father rais'd his hook, and snapt a faggot-band; he plied his work, and Lucy took the lantern in her hand. 7. Not blither is the mountain roe; with many a wanton stroke...her feet disperse the powdery snow, that rises up like smoke. 8. The storm came on before its time; she wandered up and down; and many a hill did Lucy climb, but never reached the town. 9. The wretched parents all that night went shouting far and wide; but there was neither sound nor sight to serve them for a guide. 10. At daybreak on a hill they stood that overlooked the moor; and thence they saw the bridge of wood, a furlong from their door. 11. They wept—and turning homeward, cried, "In heaven we all shall meet"—when in the snow the mother spied the print of Lucy's feet. 12. Then downwards from the steep hill's edge they tracked the foot-marks small; and through the broken hawthorn hedge, and by the long stone wall; 13. And then an open field they crossed: the marks were still the same; they tracked them on nor ever lost, and to the bridge they came. 14. They followed from the snowy bank



those footmarks, one by one, into the middle of the plank; and further there were none! 15. Yet some maintain that to this day she is a living child; that you may see sweet Lucy Gray upon the lonesome wild. 16. O'er rough and smooth she trips along, and never looks behind; and sings a solitary song that whistles in the wind.

---

#### 44.—FIDELITY.

A barking sound the Shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a dog or fox;  
 He halts—and searches with his eyes  
 Among the scattered rocks:  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern;  
 And instantly a dog is seen,  
 Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy;  
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry:  
 Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow or on height;  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;  
 What is the creature doing here?



It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn below!  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land;  
 From trace of human foot or hand.  
 There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere;  
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past;  
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.  
 Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
 The Shepherd stood; then makes his way  
 O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog  
 As quickly as he may;  
 Nor far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground;  
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round, to learn the history.  
 From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The man had fallen, that place of fear!  
 At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear:



Hē instantly recalled the nāme,  
 And *who* hē wās, and whence hē cāme;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the Traveller past this way.

But hear a wonder, for *whose* sāke

    This lamentable tāle I tell!

A lastiṅg monūment of wōrds

    This wonder merits well.

The Dog, which still wās hoveriṅg nīgh,

Repeatiṅg the sāmē timid crī,

This Dog had been throūgh three months spāce

A dñeller in that savage plāce.

Yes, proof wās plain that, since the day

    When this ill-fāted Traveller died,

The Dog had watched about the spot,

    Or bī hiṣ māster's sīde:

How nourished hēre throūgh such loṅg tīme

Hē *knōws*, *who* gāve that love sublīme;

And gāve that strenght of feeliṅg, grēat

Above āll hūman estimāte!

#### 45.—HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun wās lōw,

All bloodless lay the untrodden snōw,

And dārk as winter wās the flōw

    Of Iser, rōlliṅg rapidly.

But Linden saw anoṯher sīght

When the drum beat at dead of night,



Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

B̄ torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blāde,  
 And f̄urious every chārger neighēd  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bōlts of heaven  
 Fār flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glōw  
 On Linden's hills of stained snōw,  
 And bloodiēr yet the torrent flōw  
 Of Iser, rōlling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scārce yon level sun  
 Can piērcē the wār-clouds, rōlling dun,  
 Where f̄urious Frank, and fiēry Hun,  
 Shout in their sulph'rous canōpy.

The combat deepens. On, yē brāve,  
 Who rush to glōry, or the grāve !  
 Wāve, Mūnich ! āll thy banners wāve,  
 And chārge with āll thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall pārt where many meet !  
 The snōw shall bē their winding sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall bē a sōldier's sepulchre.



## 46.--THE THREE FISHERS.

Three Fishers went sailing away to the West,  
 Away to the west as the sun went down ;  
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out of the  
 town ;  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
 Though the harbor bär bē moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tow-er,  
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;  
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the  
 shower,  
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and  
 brown,  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Though storms bē sudden, and waters deep,  
 And the harbor bär bē moaning,

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands  
 For those who will never come home to the town ;  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;  
 And goodbye to the bär and its moaning.



## 47.—TRUST.

1. Commit thou all thy griefs and ways into His hands,—to His sure truth and tender care, *who* earth and heaven commands. 2. Who points the clouds their course, *whom* winds and seas obey; He shall direct thy wandering feet, He shall prepare thy way. 3. Put thou thy trust in God, in duty's path go on; fix on His word thy steadfast eye, so shall thy work be done. 4. No profit canst thou gain by self-consuming care; to Him commend thy cause, His ear... attends the softest prayer. 5. Give to the winds thy fears; hope, and be undismayed: God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. 6. *Through* waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears thy way; wait thou His time—thy darkest night...shall end in brightest day.

---

## 48.—INGRATITUDE.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude; thy tooth is not so keen...because thou art not seen, *although* thy breath be rude. 2. Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky, thou dost not bite so nigh...as benefits forgot; *though* thou the waters warp, thy sting is not so sharp...as friend remembered not.



## 49.—MERCY.

The quälity of mercy is not strained—it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven...upon the place beneath; it is twice blest—it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes; 'tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes...the thrōnēd monarch better than his crown; His scepter shōws the fōrce of temporal power,...thē attribūte to awe and majesty,... wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; but mercy is above this sceptered sway—it is enthronēd in the hearts of kings,...it is an attribūte to God himself; and earthly power doth then shōw likest God's... when mercy seasons justice. Consider this: that in the cōurse of justice, none of us...shōuld see salvātion. Wē do pray for mercy; and that sāmē prayer doth teach us āll to render...the deeds of mercy.

---

## 50.—THE GATHERED LILIES.

Alas! our spotless lilies, our gärland of delight,  
 Our joy throùgh summer's sultry day, our dream  
     throùgh bälmy nīght;  
 Our beaūtiful, our peerless ones, that grāced our  
     gärdē bower—  
 Woe for our crown of joy and pride, our fair, our  
     vanished flowers!



They grew in softest beauty beneath our fostering  
 care,  
 And every morning's light beheld their loveliness  
 more fair,  
 Their bells of snow-white purity...were shielded and  
 scarce seen  
 Through the rich glossy shelter...of those kind leaves  
 of green.

Last eve the dew fell balmily, the holy moon was  
 bright,  
 And our flowers lay folded peacefully...beneath her  
 tranquil light;  
 But when to drink their beauty in, we come anew  
 with morn,  
 We find no flowers, but trampled ground, and leaves  
 all crushed and torn.

Alas! for our hearts' flowerets, so dearly loved and  
 cherished,  
 Ah! would that only earth's fair growth...had  
 withered thus and perished!  
 New lilies will return with spring, but who the same  
 shall say  
 For the flowers from the heart's garden...so rudely  
 torn away?

Our own beloved ones that decked...our path with  
 bud and bloom,  
 And spread a light of joyous life...where all before  
 was gloom;



Ah! how wē loved them! how wē watched...and  
 guärded them from ill,  
 And tended them, 'mid smiles and tears, with love  
 in deed, and will!

Alas! for our self-seeking! Wē called these bright  
 ones ours,  
 And thought not Who had planted—Who owned  
 these cherished flowers;  
 But the Master saw their loveliness...to full per-  
 fection grown,  
 And in the calm cool midnight, Hē came and culled  
 His own.

Nō hireling fingers gathered them, nō rude foot  
 crushed our flowers,  
 But 'mid the silent evening dew...Hē walked among  
 the bowers;  
 Some buds Hē chose, some half-way blown, and  
 some that open lay,  
 And gathered them, and bore them home...before the  
 break of day.

Nō mourning now! Wē oft have mourned...the ruth-  
 less hail to see,  
 The wild north wind and drowning showers...assail  
 their purity;  
 Now o'er the dell where late they grew...may drive  
 the chilling rain,  
 But in their home nō storm shall bend...the tenderest  
 leaf again.



But for *us* the way is weary; our pleasant things  
are gone,

Our garden of delights is void...and desolate and  
lone;

And o'er our life's drear desert...a tearful glance we  
send,

But see no guide throughout the waste, no comfort  
at the end.

Oh, faithless one! The Love that sent...to every  
tender flower

The north wind's blast, the south wind's balm, each  
in the meetest hour;

The pierced Hand that bore them home...so gently  
through the dew,

Will tend thee in the wilderness, and bear thee  
homeward too.

Look up! The portal opens for thee—no longer need'st  
thou roam,

Bright light streams out into the night, kind voices  
greet thee home!

And wreathed around thy Father's door...in death-  
less beauty see

The lilies lost on earth, but borne...before to welcome  
thee!



## 51.—A YOUNG GIRL TO HER LITTLE BROTHER.

1. M̄y pretty bāby-brother is six months ōld to-day ; and *thōugh* hē cannot speak, hē *knōws* whate'er I say. Whenever I come near hē *crōws* for very joy ; and dearly do I love him, *the dārling* bāby-boy. 2. M̄y brother's cheek is blooming, and his bright laughing *ēyes*...are like *the pūre spring vīōlets*, or *the summer's cloudless skies*. His mouth is like a rōse-bud, sō delicate and red ; and his hair is soft as silk, and curls āll round his head. 3. When hē laughs, upon his fāce sō many dimples play,...they seem like little sunbeams which ō'er his features stray. I am sūre wē āll must love him, hē is sō full of glee : just like a ray of sunshine m̄y brother is to mē. 4. When in his pretty cradle hē lies in quiet sleep,...'tis joy to bē beside him, a faithful wātch to keep ; and when his sleep is ōver, I love to see him lie,...and lift *the silken fringes* that veil his sweet blue *ēye*. 5. Oh ! m̄y dear, m̄y bāby-brother, our dārling and our pet ; *the very sweetest plaything* I ever have had yet. *The pretty little creatūre*, hē *grōws* sō every day,...that, when *the summer comes*,...in *the gārden* hē will play. 6. How cunning hē will look, among *the grass and flowers* ! Nō blossom is sō fair as *this precious one of ours*. Every night before I sleep, when I *kneel* to say m̄y prayer,...I ask m̄y heavenly Fāther of m̄y brother to tāke cāre.



## 52.—THE SQUIRREL.

"The squirrel is happy, the squirrel is gay,"

Little Henry exclaimed to his brother;

"Hē has nothing to do or to think of but play,

And to jump from one bough to another."

But William was older and wiser, and knew

That all play and no work wouldn't answer,

Sō hē asked what the squirrel in winter must do

If hē spent all the summer a dancer.

"The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry and wise,

For true wisdom and mirth go together;

Hē lays up in summer his winter supplies,

And then hē don't mind the cold weather."

## 53.—THE BEGGAR MAN.

1. Around the fire, one wintry night, the farmer's rosy children sat; the faggot lent its blazing light, and jokes went round and careless chat. 2. When, hark! a gentle hand they hear, low tapping at the bolted door; and thus to gain their willing ear, a feeble voice was heard to implore. 3. "Cold blows the blast across the moor; the sleet drives hissing in the wind; yon toilsome mountain lies before; a dreary treeless waste behind. 4. My eyes are weak and dim with age; no road, no path, can I descry; and these poor rags ill stand the rage...of such a keen, inclement sky. 5. Sō faint I am, these



tottering feet...nō mōre m̄ feeble frāme can beār;  
 m̄ sinking heārt forgets to beat, and drifting snōws  
 m̄ tomb prepāre. 6. Open yōur hospitable dōor,  
 and shiēld mē from the biting blast; cōld, cōld it  
 blōws across the moor, the wēary moor that I have  
 passed." 7. With hāsty steps the fārmer ran...and  
 clōse beside the fire they plāce...the poor hālf-frōzen  
 beggar man, with shāking limbs and pallid fāce.  
 8. The little children flocking cāme, and wārmed his  
 stiffening hands in theirs,...and busily the goōd ōld  
 dāme...a comfortable meal prepāres. 9. Their kind-  
 ness cheered his drooping sōul; and slōwly down his  
 wrinkled cheek...the big round tears wēre seen to  
 rōll, and tōld the thanks hē cōuld not speak. 10.  
 The children, too, began to sigh,...and āll their  
 merry chat wās ō'er; and yet they felt, they knew  
 not wh̄y,...mōre glad than they had done befōre.

---

#### 54.—WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it *knōw* of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
 Shē wās *eight* years ōld, shē said;  
 Her hair wās thick with many a curl  
 That cluster'd round her head.

Shē had a rustic, wōodland air,  
 And shē wās wīldly clad:



Her eȳes wære fair, and very fair ;—  
 Her beaūty māde mē glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
 How many may ȳoū bē ? ”  
 “ How many ? Seven in āll,” shē said,  
 And, wondering lōk’d at mē.

“ And wære are they ? I pray ȳoū tell,”  
 Shē answer’d, “ Seven are wē ;  
 And two of us at Conwāy dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea,

“ Two of us in the churchyārd lie,  
 Mȳ sister and mȳ brother ;  
 And, in the churchyārd cottage, I  
 Dwell near them with mȳ mother.”

“ Yoū say that two at Conwāy dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea,  
 Yet ȳē are seven ! I pray ȳoū tell,  
 Sweet maid, how this may bē.”

Then did the little maid replȳ,  
 “ Seven boys and gīrls are wē ;  
 Two of us in the churchyārd lie,  
 Beneath the churchyārd tree.”

“ Yoū run about, mȳ little maid,  
 Yoūr limbs they are alive ;  
 If two are in the churchyārd laid,  
 Then ȳē are ōnly fīve.”

“ Their grāves are green, they may bē seen,”  
 The little maid replied,  
 “ Twēlve steps or mōre from mȳ mother’s dōor ;  
 And they are sīde bȳ sīde.



" M̄ stockings there I often knit,  
 M̄ 'kerchief there I hem;  
 And there upon the ground I sit—  
 I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, s̄r,  
 When it is light and fair,  
 I t̄ake m̄ little porringer,  
 And eat m̄ supper there.

" The first that died w̄as sister J̄ane;  
 In bed shē moaning lay,  
 Till God released her of her pain,  
 And then shē w̄ent āway.

" Sō in the churchyārd shē w̄as laid;  
 And when the grass w̄as dry,  
 Together round her gr̄ave wē play'd,  
 M̄ brother John and I.

" And when the ground w̄as wh̄ite with snōw,  
 And I could run and slide,  
 M̄ brother John w̄as forced to gō,  
 And hē lies b̄y her s̄ide."

" How many are there then," said I,  
 " If they two are in heaven?"  
 Quick w̄as the little maid's repl̄y,  
 " O, māster! wē are seven."

" But they are dead; thōse two are dead!  
 Their spirits are in heaven!"  
 'Twas thrōwing words āway; for still  
 The little maid wōuld have her will,  
 And said, " Nay, wē are seven!"

THE END.















